Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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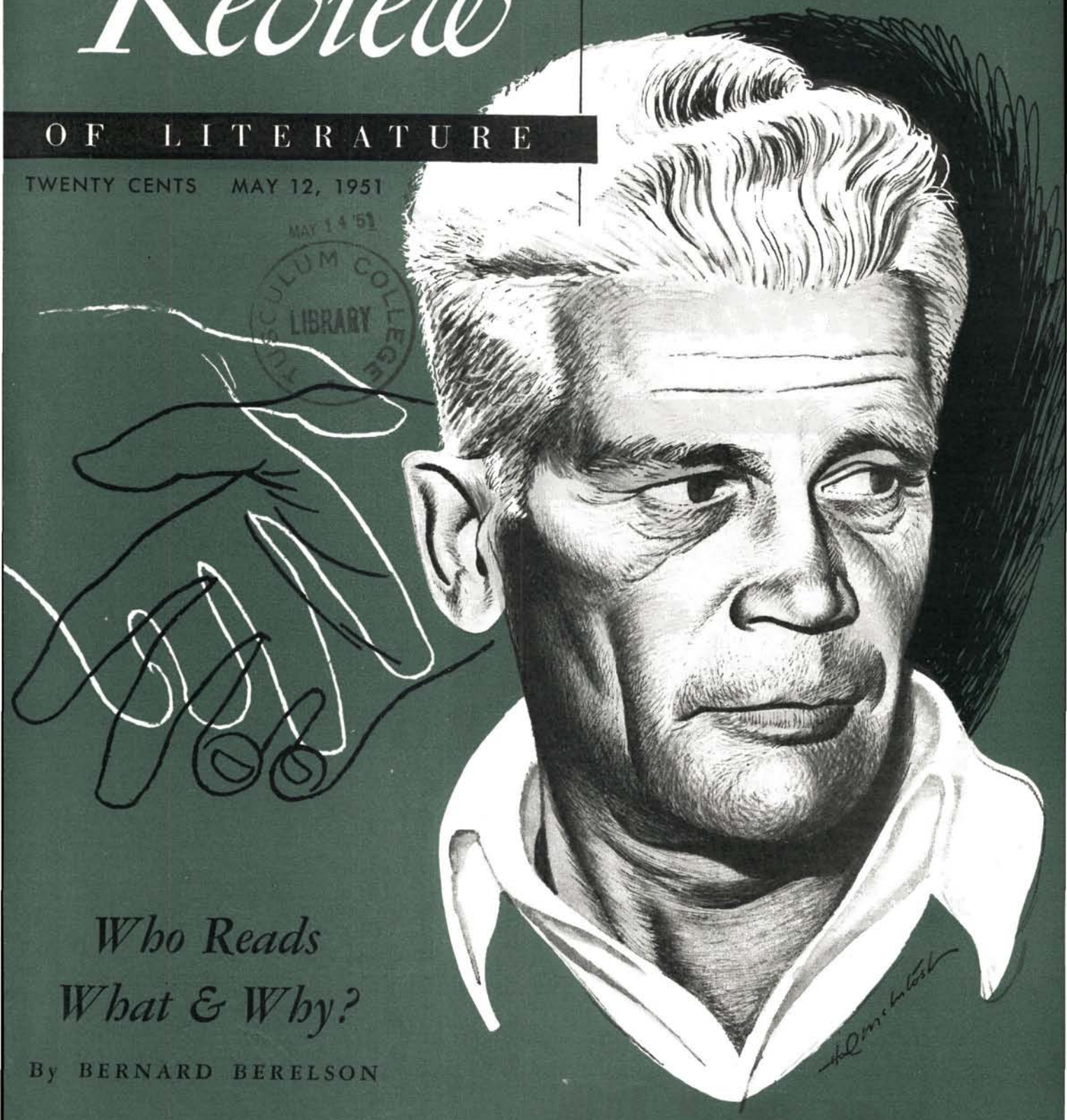
GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

(See page 41)



Who Reads What & Why?

By BERNARD BERELSON

Stuart Chase, author of "Roads to Agreement." *(See page 9)*

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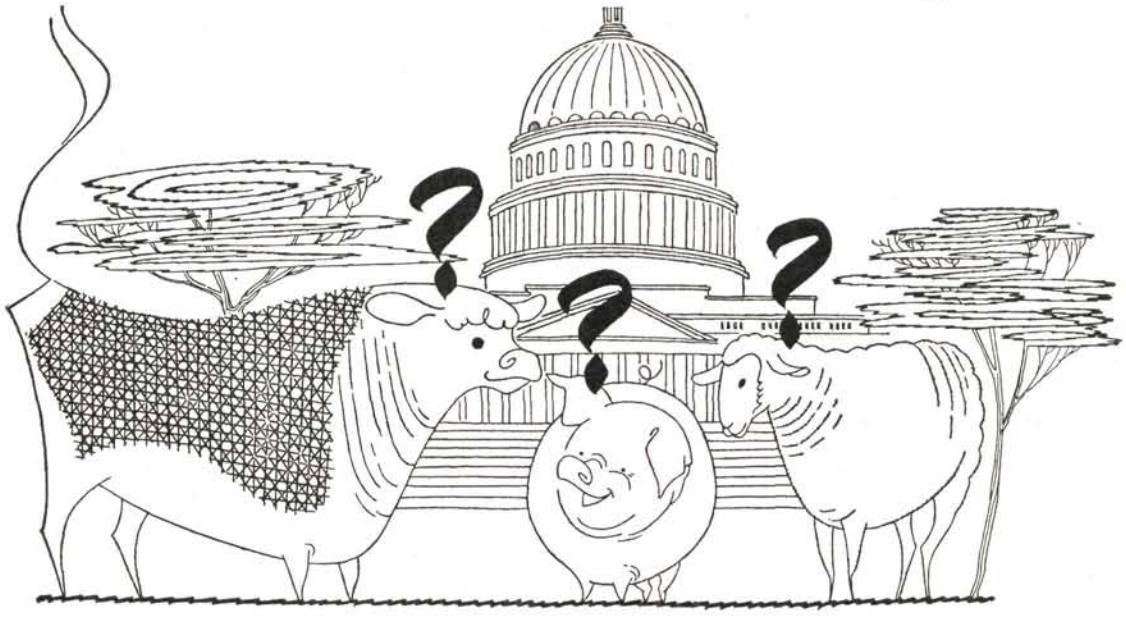

Common sense...
and the Price of Meat

In addition to general inflation all along the line, one reason why meat prices have advanced, like others, is that supplies have not increased as fast or as much as the amount of money millions of wage earners now have to spend. They all want more meat . . . much more.

The common-sense remedy for prices is stabilized consumer income and an expanded production of meat, which already is on the way. People should have all the meat they want at prices as low as production costs permit. But to get more meat, livestock production must be *encouraged.* This is not an overnight job. Nature requires time to grow meat animals to marketable size.

Then, too, farmers and ranchers say livestock production will be *discouraged* by continuance of man-made regulations designed to set aside the law of supply and demand. Nobody ever has been able successfully to repeal that law in a free country.

Government price and rationing controls, no matter how well meant or how efficiently administered, are no guarantee for the future in the fight against inflation. In fact, Washington stabilization officials have said controls must be *temporary;* that we should be rid of them as *quickly as possible.* Every control leads to more. OPA experience proves that the result is the chaos of black markets run by chiselers and hoodlums. That means less and less meat in legitimate channels of trade at a time when we may need it most for our armed forces and civilians as well.

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May 12, 1951

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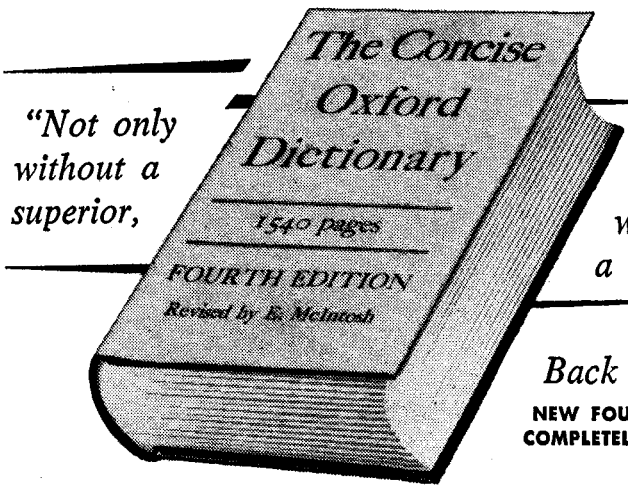

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25 Million Little Acres

OR, PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT

LAST MONTH one of our favorite authors surprised us. This was no novelty in publishing, where authors are always surprising their publishers, but it was an unusual turnabout on at least two counts.

● First, because Erskine Caldwell (an author) presented us (mere reprint publishers) with a solid gold token of his affection.

● Second, because Caldwell is usually the one who collects the honors—from publishers, critics, the men and women who sell his books, and his millions of loyal readers.

Pictured above is the award itself . . . the gold nugget from *God's Little Acre* which Caldwell gave the New American Library on April 18, to mark the sales of 25,000,000 copies of his novels and short stories in 25¢ Signet editions.

How long do you think it takes to sell 25,000,000 books? Since 1945, when we published our first Signet edition of a Caldwell title, *Trouble in July*, we've printed almost 6,000,000 copies of *God's Little Acre* alone.

Next month we will reprint our twelfth Caldwell, *Kneel to the Rising Sun*, and large new editions of *God's Little Acre, Tragic Ground*, and *Trouble in July*. Also scheduled is Duell, Sloan & Pearce's *The Humorous Side of Erskine Caldwell*, edited by Robert Cantwell.

The enormous Signet sales, plus hundreds of thousands of Caldwell's books sold in trade editions and foreign language editions sold in eighteen countries, make Caldwell one of the most widely read contemporary writers in the world today.

What is the secret of Caldwell's magic? We think it's the combination of Caldwell's inimitable story-telling plus New American Library's know-how in bringing the best fiction and non-fiction to the millions who buy Signet and Mentor books.

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TRADE Winds

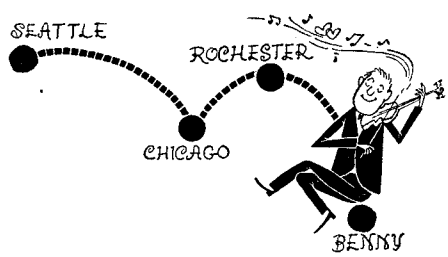
GO EAST, YOUNG MAN

SEATTLE. . . . If just a little of the rainfall that beats down so persistently on the coastal region of Washington and Oregon could be transferred to the bone-dry areas of lower California and Arizona not so many hundred miles to the south it would be a wonderful deal all around. One day you're listening to a Southwestern farmer praying for any kind of shower to break a seven-month drought; the next a University of Washington professor is saying, "That majestic peak about sixty miles to the southeast is Mount Rainier, of course. I use it as a weather guide every morning. If I can see it when I awaken I know it's going to rain later in the day. If I can't see it I know it's raining already!" When Seattle folk *can* see Mt. Rainier or when Mount Hood is visible to the citizens of Portland, incidentally, the common phrase is "Oh, look: the mountain is out today." . . . The cause of all the rain is the Japan Current, which warms the air blowing in from the Pacific. The warm air turns into rain when it collides with the formidable Cascade Range. (See George Stewart's "Storm.")

A publisher dropping in on booming Seattle for a visit will be struck with the stunning beauty of its location on Puget Sound; its hills (just as steep as the ones in San Francisco); the fine bookshop of the late and loved Harry Hartman, carried on by Mrs. Hartman and John Collins; the excellent book departments at Frederick and Nelson's, the Bon Marché, and Lowman and Hanford's; the smoked salmon canapés known as "squaw meat"; the totem poles in various public parks; the six-mile-long floating bridge across Lake Washington to Mercer Island; the Athletic Club, dedicated originally to the bodily comforts of American males, but now dominated by American females; the Press Club, robust carbon of New York's Dutch Treat Club; and two of the most important and colorful book men in the United States: Harry Bauer and Carl K. Wilson.

Harry Bauer is the director of the University of Washington's superb library. His campaign in the cause of good books, relentless but softened with humor, has achieved for his department a rare importance in the University's all-over pattern and, better still, has elicited a heartening response from the students themselves. Bauer is a perfect example of my often-stated belief that the surest way to increase the number of booklovers in America is to provide better equipped—and very much better paid—teachers and librarians who appreciate literature and know how to infect pupils with their enthusiasm.

Carl Wilson learned the rudiments of the book business clerking part time in his father's Archway Book Store in Seattle while he was striving for a degree—and managing about a dozen undergraduate activities—at the University. Today his nationwide chain embraces over one hundred and fifty units, ranging in size from hole-in-the-wall circulating libraries to large and handsomely appointed leased departments in some of the nation's nobbiest stores. Carl himself lives with his wife, Mary (known and loved by two generations of book salesmen), in a fine old house on one of the hundreds of islands that dot Puget Sound. Carl took me over there on one of the municipal ferries described by Nancy Ross in "I, My Ancestor," and Mary whipped us up some ham, eggs, and hot, crunchy biscuits. We had a fine evening recalling book business in the wacky Liveright era and listening to recordings by the Wilsons' daughter, Lavonne Morrison, who promises to become an even bigger star than the offspring of another famous man who took up singing in Missouri. Lavonne is now in Hollywood studying with the lyric soprano Czerna Faubion and starring on more and more TV programs. Some day Carl himself promises to write a book about his rich and varied adventures in bookselling. When, as, and if, it will be called "Thank You Very Much."



No description of Seattle can omit mention of the wonderful work Glenn Hughes is doing in drama at the Penthouse and Showboat Theatres on the

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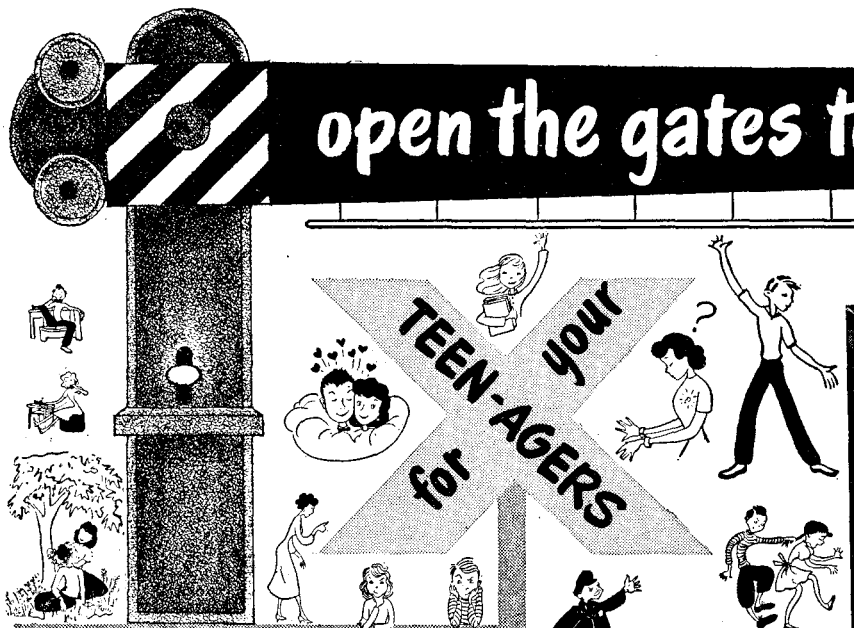
open the gates to happiness...



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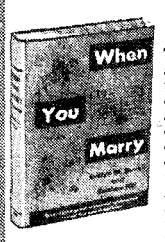
Evelyn M. Duvall and Reuben Hill



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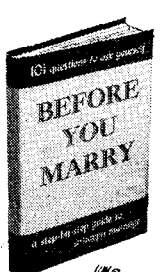
BEFORE YOU MARRY

Sylvanus M. Duvall



Here are answers to the 101 questions that should be answered before marriage—they'll certainly arise after marriage; suitability, family and family relationships, money matters, sex, character traits, personality, mental health, and behavior in crisis. Psychiatric Quarterly describes the answers as "derived from scientific studies, research, and clinical evidence." Dr. Duvall translates the knowledge and experience we have to help those "in love" to understand their experience and examine all doubts and problems. The Journal of the American Medical Association reports to doctors: "This book can be recommended to young people before marriage." ***$2.50***

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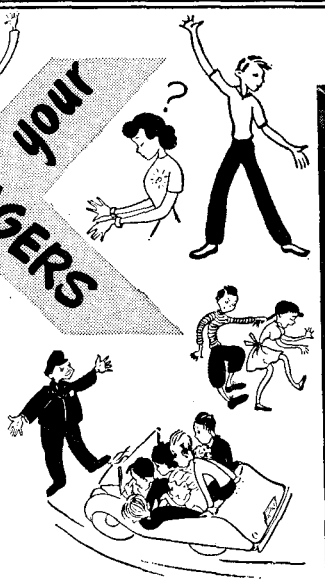

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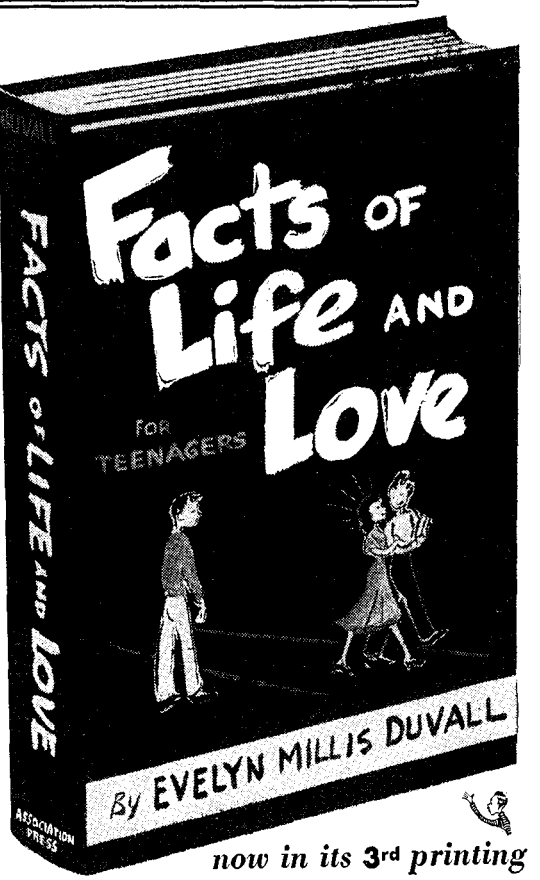

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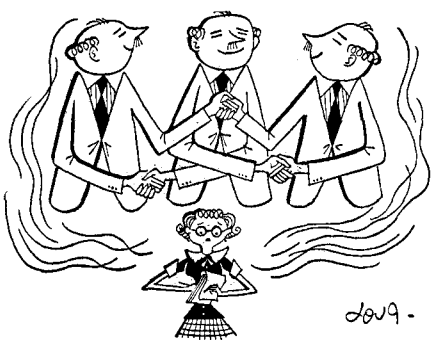
campus, the unique fisheries school, and the University Bookshop, one of the most prosperous and best-equipped in the country.

CHICAGO. . . . A one-day stopover in Chicago enabled me only to speak at Northwestern in the afternoon, at Anshe Emet Temple in the evening, and to hear from Dick Eastham, playing the Pinza role to the hilt in the

Chicago company of "South Pacific," the story of Martha Raye's first visit to the famous Pump Room in the Ambassador East Hotel. She was a member of a party hosted by Jimmy Durante. When a waiter hurried by with a portion of shishkebab (lamb held aloft on a flaming sword—a specialty of the house) Miss Raye was startled and exclaimed, "What the heck was that?" Durante explained, "A customer who only left a ten-dollar tip."

ROCHESTER. . . . If there are to be improvements in printing processes within the decade or means found to reduce the prevailing excessive cost of making color plates it's dollars to doughnuts that the extensive experiments now being conducted at the Rochester Institute of Technology will be at the bottom of it all. A score of leading newspapers and printing plants have helped to finance these experiments, and in Mark Ellingson the Institute has the ideal man to carry them through. Production heads of every publishing house owe it to themselves to visit the Rochester Institute. Contact Dr. Ellingson to make the necessary arrangements. . . . Rochester is the home of the fabulous Eastman Kodak Company (assets over three hundred and fifty millions), the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, Hickey-Freeman, and other famous men's clothing manufacturers, and the birthplace of Editor Saxe Commins, *SRL*'s Jack Cominsky, the crotchety but impeccable typographer Elmer Adler, and the irreplaceable Beatrice Kaufman. Dr. Joe Howland, the atomic scientist, makes his headquarters here and so does that jolly barrister Frank D'Amanda. . . . The City Club goes in for humorists as presidents. Newly elected S. M. Linowitz will have to go some to live up to the pace set by predecessors Gaudion and Knopf. The latter insists he is no relation to Alfred A. and wears a white shirt to prove it. . . . Rochester's Children's Book Shop has about as attractive a layout as ever I've seen. In McCurdy's, now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, Bill McLaughlin, Jim Hunt, and Helen Higbie have joined forces to build an outstanding book department. . . . Paul Miller, editor of the *Rochester Times-Union* and heir apparent to the Gannett newspaper empire, is a man to watch in New York's journalistic setup. I liked him tremendously. . . . Flying home to meet my wife and Claudette Colbert and Jack Benny at the Stork Club was the proper ending to an exciting day; the CBS radio mike often travels from Benny to Rochester—I reversed the process and went from Rochester to Benny! Some day I hope to publish a book by Jack —with a cover design by Claudette. My nine-year-old son Chris says that will be fine with him as long as the book contains ten photographs of his heroine, Mary Benny.

Sons of Rochester and surrounding country who migrated to New York City and prospered there long ago founded the Society of the Genesee, which holds a banquet each year and honors one of its most successful members. One year the president was the late Louis Wiley, business manager of *The New York Times.* It was decided that Wiley should also be the guest of honor at the annual banquet. Mr. Wiley accordingly summoned his secretary and dictated three letters in



rapid succession. The first was an invitation to himself to accept the honor that had been bestowed upon him. The second was an answer to himself graciously accepting the nomination. The third was a note of thanks to himself for responding to the invitation so promptly. As the secretary closed her notebook she sighed with relief and told Mr. Wiley gravely, "Phew! For a moment, there, I didn't think you were going to get him!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Who Reads What & Why?

BERNARD BERELSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article was inspired by a conference of social scientists and book publishers recently sponsored by the Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers Council to discuss the role of the serious book in American life. Bernard Berelson, the author, is dean of the Graduate Library School and chairman of the Committee on Communication of the University of Chicago. Another article based upon this discussion, "Bookworms and the Social Soil," by David Riesman, appeared in* SRL *last week. In later issues Harold Guinzburg of the Viking Press will present a publisher's view of the problem and Lester Asheim of the University of Chicago will summarize the proceedings and hypotheses of the conference.*

WHO reads what books and why?

The answer to this general question is by no means easy to give. The state of popular reading is complex and changing: different kinds of people are reading different amounts and kinds of books for different reasons. Mrs. Jones down the street is reading light fiction "to pass the time" and books on child-rearing because she wants to do well by her children and to hold her own with other mothers. Her husband reads an occasional mystery story and a technical book on his occupation. The people next door don't read books at all because "they don't have time," although they manage to spend four hours a day with radio and television. The people on the other side read classical novels, modern poetry, and the latest serious books on political affairs. And so it goes: the variety is so extensive that any reasonable ordering of the data is bound to violate some aspects of the over-all picture.

And yet some ordering is necessary if we are to secure a systematic answer to the question. In recent years, with the development of communication research in industry and in the universities, a body of data has been assembled which presents a reasonably coherent picture of the state of book reading in this country today. We can by no means answer all—or even very many—of the questions we would like to ask about book reading, but we can answer some. Unfortunately, definite answers cannot be given without a great deal of careful (and costly) research, much of which has not yet been done. In some cases technical problems have not been solved. In this connection we know a good deal more about magazine reading and radio listening than about book reading. At the same time, however, the studies done to date, utilizing social-science techniques for collecting and analyzing empirical data, have provided valid and reliable data on questions which previously were largely subject to literary impression, historical speculation, or commercial preference. Conclusions based upon these methods have not infrequently mistaken the particular for the general, the familiar for the typical, the dramatic for the general, or the preferred for the actual. The business of the social scientist, if I may say so, is to see book reading steadily and to see it whole—and, while he cannot claim to have done the job, it is fair to say that he has made a start.

What, then, is the state of adult (non-specialized) book reading today? Let us review the major facts (or best guesses) by organizing them around some assumptions held by various people and encountered here and there, explicitly or implicitly, in popular writing on the subject.

Assumption: that "the American people" read many books or, alternately, that they don't read them. This assumption comes both ways, depending upon whether the writer is in a mood to praise or blame—or perhaps depending upon the point he wants to make at the time. Many librarians, especially when writing their annual reports, like to think that people *do* read books; many critics stress the latter part of the assumption, especially when writing for the "little" magazines. Actually, of course, the statement is so undifferentiated that, like many statements about "the American public" or "the people of this country" or "we," it doesn't make much sense anyway. The obvious fact is that some Americans read books frequently, some read them occasionally, some seldom, and some not at all.

If by "book reader" we mean anyone who reads at least one book every six months then about half the adult population would qualify. If the definition requires the reading of at least one book a month—the usual definition in the field—the figure becomes 25 to 30 per cent; and if it requires at least one book a week then only 6 to 8 per cent of the adult population are "book readers." By a reasonable definition, then, only from one quar-

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ter to one third of the adults qualify as "book readers." This makes the actual audience for books the smallest among the major media of communication; radio-television, newspapers, magazines, and motion pictures all attract much larger numbers than books. Although the evidence on this point is not definitive, there are some data which suggest that there is less book reading in the United States than in such countries as Britain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Holland.

More than that: the so-called concentration of the audience is higher for book reading than for the other media. About 10 per cent of the adult population does 70 per cent of the book reading. Within the book-reading group itself (as defined) 20 per cent of the readers do 70 per cent of the reading. Thus a relatively small group of people accounts for a large share of the reading. Nor does the tremendous sale of quarter books contradict this point: 10 per cent of the buyers are responsible for 80 per cent of the sales. The reading of books is certainly not evenly distributed throughout society.

Assumption: that the book reading public is representative of the total population. Not only does the frequency of book reading vary markedly; it is also unevenly distributed among the constituent groups of the community. For a variety of reasons some kinds of people read a great deal and some not much. The major factor which differentiates readers from non-readers in research to date is education—in the limited sense of number of years of formal schooling. The more years of schooling the individual has the more likely he is to read books. In one national survey only 12 per cent of the college-educated had not read a book in the preceding year as against 74 per cent of those with only some grammar-school education or less.

Now this might mean several things. It might mean that additional schooling has improved the individual's basic reading skills or that it has developed his reading habits or that it has produced in him the types of interests which are ordinarily satisfied by books or even that the people who go on to further schooling already have a reading disposition which formal education only reinforces. Research has not yet settled the matter, any more than it can say now why *some* college graduates do not read or why *some* people with little schooling read not only a great deal but well. There are numerous hypotheses but few data. But research *has* demonstrated the high relationship between formal education and the practice of book reading, and it seems quite likely that the schools have progressively developed book readers.

Other personal characteristics also affect the amount of book reading. Contrary to the popular conception, men read just about as much as women, although they tend to read differently. Young adults read more than their elders, but that is directly traceable to their greater degree of formal education; among people on the same educational level the older people more than hold their own. The sharpest and most dramatic drop in book reading comes at the school-leaving age — whatever that may imply about the educational system. Wealthier people read more than poorer people, again largely—though apparently not exclusively—because of their greater education. This means that the "higher" occupations provide more book readers than the "lower"; there are relatively fewer readers among the working class. Finally, because of the availability of sources (and again the educational level) urban residents read more than rural.

In sum, then, college-educated, better-off, middle-aged people living in the city (a description of the modal *SRL* reader?) are most likely to be book readers in this country today. And people combining the opposite characteristics are the least likely. Thus it is clear that book readers as a group are far from representative of the total population. They live differently from the population as a whole, they have different attitudes and interests, they have different tastes. In short, projecting the book readers as "America" is apt to be just plain wrong.

Assumption: that the amount and/or the quality of book reading in this country has fallen off in recent years. It is not hard to find writers who are Alarmed about the Deplorable State of popular reading. In 1949 Clifton Fadiman, regretting in this journal "the decline of attention," concluded that the "main stream [of our culture] is composed largely of men and women whose faculty of attention is in process either of decay or displacement." Another writer at about the same time asserted that "never before have there been so few good readers—so few who have retained anything or profited from what they read." Fadiman himself quoted Cyril Connolly to the effect that "we must accustom ourselves to a reading public which is both too slothful and too restless to read until a sense of values is restored to it." And, what is more, he noted that Henry James had done the same job of deploring fifty years earlier and Wordsworth a century before that—without drawing therefrom what seems to be an obvious inference.

THE point is that this kind of Viewing with Alarm the state of popular culture is by no means limited to our day; it is characteristic of the intellectuals of every period since popular education began to create what might be called a mass audience. Today they hearken back to the good old days of a century ago when "the people" were reading "Walden." A century ago, however, Hawthorne was fulminating against the "mob of scribbling women. . . . I should have no chance of success while the public taste is occupied with their trash."

In this sense the good old days probably never did exist; that is, there probably never was a *mass* audience for good books. Almost certainly there are more book readers today than ever before. It may be that the average quality of *all* the book reading done today is lower than the average quality decades or a few centuries ago —although this is far from certain. We tend to forget the poorer books of 1850 that were widely read (for example, "The Lamplighter") and remember only the better ones that were not, then or since (except in the schools). At best all we can do is to compare the book reading of a highly selected group totaling less than 5 per cent of the population with a public

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Ideas & Men.

Rare is the citizen of the embattled twentieth century who has not on occasion sighed for a lease on an ivory tower; even rarer is he who has actually inhabited one for decades. When the man is one of the greatest philosophers of his age and he confides to paper his reflections on the political affairs that embroil his contemporaries the result is certain to be an important, disturbing book. Such a man is the Spanish-born octogenarian now ensconced in an Italian convent, George Santayana, and such a book is his "Dominations and Powers" (page 10). The authors of two other books reviewed here are philosophers of other sorts, their points of vantage both in the midst of the madding crowd. Economist and sociologist Stuart Chase proposes "Roads to Agreement" for our time. Political party leader Norman Thomas delineates in "A Socialist's Faith" the divergences between Communists, Socialists, and capitalists.

Laboratories for Peace

ROADS TO AGREEMENT. By Stuart Chase. New York: Harper & Bros. 250 pp. $3.50.

By Howard W. Odum

SINCE F. S. C. Northrup, in his "The Meeting of the East and West," warned that unless powerful ideological conflicts can be faced and resolved "moral ideals and religious aspirations of men . . . will continue to generate misunderstanding and war instead of mutual understanding and peace" a new literature has grown up around the central core of conflicts, tensions, frustrations, and interpersonal and intercultural relations. Implied in many of the major premises is the fear that unless new strategies and rules of agreement can be developed ideological differences will lead to the primary conflicts of war and drastic totalitarian debasement.

In "Roads to Agreement" Stuart Chase accepts the challenge to substitute new beginnings in cooperation and integration of some of the social sciences which are seeking to achieve a "science and art of agreement" for the more abstract semantics implied in the warning signal: "Danger: Men Talking." Although the book is technically a sequel to his "The Proper Study of Man" and is intended primarily to offer an exploration, a point of view, and an orientation, its recording of cases, its citation of persons, groups, and experiments, and its purposive character alone will give it a generously quoted place in the literature of this new field. It reveals, also, the increasing emphasis social scientists are placing upon research in community structure and interpersonal and intercultural relations; "group dynamics" in face-to-face contacts; the importance of the "small group" as empirical laboratory; the closer cooperation of anthropology, sociology, and social psychology; the integration of other social sciences and humanities disciplines; and experimentation with new techniques of rules of agreement. Within this framework "Roads to Agreement" provides documentary readings, popularly described illustrations, and case examples in a varied social structure.

Something of the current character of the book might be sensed by comparing it with earlier efforts. For instance, a little more than twenty-five years ago Edward Alsworth Ross wrote a little book entitled "Roads to Social Peace," in which the main facets treated included sectional conflict, sectarian strife, peace among nationalities, class struggle, and town-country conflict. About race conflict Ross wrote: "I do not know what is the 'road to peace' for intermingled color races." His conclusion was an exhortation for us to set up social peace as a shining goal, and "if we bestow upon it as much anxious thought as we do upon national defense, if we make as many sacrifices for it as we make for military preparedness we shall have our eventual reward in fewer disgraceful outbreaks and clashes, in the prevalence of tranquility, in the reign of good will and mutual confidence among races, sects, and classes, in wider and better teamwork for the attainment of common ends."

Then, as early as 1936, Mr. Justice

THE AUTHOR: A tree's growth is recorded as its cambium layer each year deposits evidence of maturing life. The temptation to compare Stuart Chase's books to cambium layers is irresistible, with himself the center of growth. The present book, he says, is offered "as an experiment in integration." And so also the sum of his life: a sample of what a man can do when he believes in ideas as the necessary meat and potatoes of existence. Stuart Chase was born in New Hampshire, went to MIT and Harvard. He worked with his father's Boston accounting firm as a CPA, continued as a CPA until a few years ago. But in the Twenties he began to write on economic and social problems—an accountant appraising the biggest business of all in terms of people, not institutions. His exploring led him into sociology, psychology, anthropology, semantics; with always verdant curiosity he explored the balancing and possibilities of integrating these sciences of man. He has just returned from Puerto Rico where at the joint request of the National Planning Association and the P. R. Government he made a survey of the island's new industrial program and its chances of solving problems there. Conversation with him is a pleasant adventure. Subjects are not "higher" or "lower"—they are all part of the action of existence. Examples: his Connecticut farm where he and wife Marian Tyler Chase live—"we're pushing the trees back gradually, trying to leave the land better than we found it"; skiing—"a man should be able to ski as long as he can walk, I should think"; cats—whose portraits he has been drawing with amazingly excellent results and whose methods of communication he and Mrs. Chase are studying. His optimism about the world and its society is calm, informed, and heartening. And typical of the cambium-layer growth, he says in the new book's foreword: "Just digging out and assembling the material has . . . improved my own human relations. I am sure I do not look for nearly so much trouble from my fellows as I used to, and when I unexpectedly find it I can often manage to resolve it." —K. S.

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Brandeis, offering congratulations and encouragement for the movement toward the elimination of sectional conflict through the integration of American regions into the total national fabric, characterized the rigorous facing of facts in perspective as "the first step in grappling with our most serious problem." Yet the judicial approach of a Brandeis was primarily a pronouncement of wisdom rather than a technique of action.

In contrast, the range and nature of Stuart Chase's book may be seen in the catalogue of levels of conflict and principles of agreement. The eighteen levels of conflict identified include personal quarrels, family against family, feuds, community quarrels, sectional quarrels, workers against managers, political parties, conflict between the races, religious conflict, ideological quarrels, occupational conflicts, competition within a given industry, competition between industries, national rivalries, conflict between cultures, cold war, and East versus West. His five principles of agreement are the principle of participation, the principle of group energy, the principle of clearing communication lines, the principle of facts first, and the principle that agreement is easier when people feel secure.

Although the author finds the cumulative effects of his conclusions "profoundly hopeful for the long range," some of the main limitations might appear to grow out of the oversimplification by academic social scientists of their concepts and the partiality of their methods. For instance, communications and "knowing each other better" have often worked in reverse ratio. Thus Robert Cooley Angell, who did such an excellent job of integrating committee work on UNESCO's race definitions, wrote in 1948 in "The World Community," "that many believe that the chances of world peace would be greater if we cut off communication between nations altogether." And Robert MacIver, writing in "The More Perfect Union," noting the current multiplication of conflicting groups, concluded that "many historical forces combine to make the relation of group to group the central issue of Modern Society. . . . This problem is not only unsolved; it has become greatly aggravated."

Other limitations of the specialized group techniques are apparent. For instance, in addition to a certain isolation from total organic society which inheres in many of the secondary group procedures there may be overemphasis upon class structure and stratification. For not only Kurt Lewin but Moreno and Lazarsfeld and Sorokin sometimes reflected the

"peasant" structure of European society in which each got his conditioning and training. "Class" and "structure" may need a better definition and more consistent identification within the framework of the total community if they are to constitute major constructs in the integrated science of human relations. It may well be also that in the new explorations not enough emphasis is placed upon the dominant personality of the reformer and what might be called "vested frustration."

Finally, it seems profitable to check "Roads to Agreement" with a number of other new volumes appearing mostly since this manuscript was prepared. Among these are the more technical "Social Structure" and "Social Organization" of George P. Murdock and Robert H. Lowie; the conceptional treatises: Baker Brownell's "The Human Community," David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd," Adolph Berle's "Natural Selection of Political Forces," Paul Meadows's "The Culture of Industrial Man," Trigant Burrow's "The Neurosis of Man," Laura Thompson's "Culture in Crisis"; and even two or three textbooks on community structure and function.

One hopes that Mr. Chase will make his study a trilogy by writing a volume dealing with the interrelation of the natural sciences with the social sciences and with the currently popular theme of the relation of science to civilization.

The works of Howard W. Odum, of the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina, include "Understanding Society," "American Democracy Anew," and "Man's Quest for Social Guidance."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 893)

MARY A. LONG*:
HIGH TIME TO TELL IT

Aunt Delphina Mendenhall freed her slaves on the death of her husband and sent them to Ohio where they dragged out a miserable existence. Then, as now, freedom to starve is a sentence of death. . . . Open minds are fine things, but . . .

**A D.-C.'er from Columbia, S. C., author of this most readable autobiography from post-Civil War days.*

Reason & Politics

DOMINATIONS AND POWERS. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 481 pp. $4.50.

By BRAND BLANSHARD

THE RUMOR has been about for years that "the old man eloquent" of American philosophy was preparing a statement of his views on politics. The statement has been awaited eagerly. Political theory is one of the very few lines in the philosophic spectrum on which his opinions have not been fully set out; and curiosity about those opinions was not dampened by the report that he found himself more at ease in Mussolini's Zion than his democratic admirers would have wished.

The long-awaited statement is now before us. In range and volume it goes beyond anything that was expected. The book has 115 chapters and nearly 500 pages. It represents the reflections and jottings of some thirty years, which their author was finally prompted to round out and put in order by the last war; "for I lived through it in Rome," he writes, "in monastic retirement, with the visible and audible rush of bombing aeroplanes over my head and of invading armies before my eyes." The work is not a philosophical treatise if that means an attempt to answer the basic questions by close and continuous argument; it is a set of more than a hundred little essays arranged in groups by affinity of topic.

The atmosphere is pure Santayana. The detachment from the world is as marked as ever; the philosopher is ruminating in his tower over a scene where he has no commitments, contemplating it all with his characteristic mixture of amusement, compassion, and disdain. The famous style, which is a perfect organ for this mood, he still has in full command. It is a style rich in imagery and allusion, deliberate of movement, and fastidious in diction.

The man for whom George Santayana always seems to be writing is the reflective gentleman of leisure, sitting in an oak-paneled study with a long evening before him. The style has a tempo too slow for the man of action, and the edges of the thought are hardly sharp enough to satisfy the dialectician. But the writer's very aloofness from all the governments and cultures he discusses makes his appraisals fresh and illuminating, and there is the wealth of wise and finely phrased obiter dicta that his vast resources always provide.

From this mass of somewhat discur-

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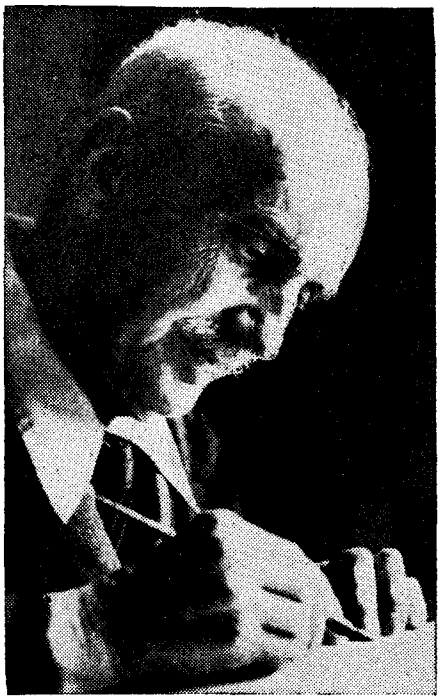

—*Press Association.*

George Santayana—"old man eloquent."

sive writing there emerges slowly a social philosophy of definite outline. Put summarily it is this: man is an animal endowed with a set of appetites and impulses. In the satisfaction of these impulses resides the only good that is open to him, and hence the ideal life for him consists in fulfilling them as completely as he can. Since no two men are equipped by nature with precisely the same powers the good life for each is unique. Unfortunately even the best life involves us in conflict within and without. Our impulses conflict with each other. One man's ends are in practice incompatible with those of others. One community requires for its growth the subjugation of its neighbor. How are such conflicts to be solved? By the appeal to reason, Santayana answers; and if one is to understand his theory one must see clearly what this means.

For most philosophers from Plato to Whitehead reason has been a means of discovering the necessary or intelligible framework of the world they live in. It is not this for Santayana, for he believes there is no such framework to discover; the world in this sense is irrational. For him reason means order among our impulses, a harmonizing of their fulfillments in such fashion as will secure for us the richest possible life. In the same way, it is "the first principle of rationality in government that it should protect and encourage vital liberty," the freedom of all of us to be ourselves. Likewise for international government; it should secure to each community, black or white, Moslem or Christian, the privilege of taking its own way to salvation.

Excellent. Now for the crucial point. If a free path is to be secured for one impulse, man, or people it must often be through the suppression of another, and when such a conflict occurs on what ground are we to decide it? Rationalist philosophers have had a straightforward answer. They have said that we should imagine the consequences of indulging impulse A, for example, and also those of impulse B, and we could then see directly and by intuition which set was more worth having. Santayana will have none of this. Desires are non-rational affairs and there are no objective scales by which they can be weighed against each other; "it is sheer conceit in a contemporary neutral or in a later historian to pose as a superior and impartial spirit; for his spark of spirit is . . . no less subject to passions and accidental interests than those that . . . he presumes to understand and to criticize."

This moral irrationalism makes Santayana a skeptic about much that democrats have venerated. He has a special distrust of "liberalism," because the liberal has supposed that when you remove the restriction on men's freedom and intelligence they will turn out to agree about values and live in respect for each other's rights. This Santayana thinks a vain hope. Of the League and the United Nations he speaks scornfully—and indeed why not, if their debates are beyond deciding? The best hope of peace, he thinks, lies in the dominance of the world by some nation that is at once tolerant and irresistible, like ancient Rome. What nation might this be? Britain will not do, for she is too interested in imposing British ways; Russia will not do, for, though her materialism is an advantage, her tyranny is repulsive; the United States will not do, because it would try to introduce its morals and politics along with its trade. Man being what he is, the future, like the past, will probably be filled with wars and the rumors of war.

Santayana's politics and ethics are the consequences, consistently and courageously drawn, of a materialistic view of man. If they are to be criticized effectively it must be through exposing cracks in their foundation. Are there such? My own answer, for what it is worth, would be: Yes, many.

Brand Blanshard is a professor in the Department of Philosophy at Yale University. He wrote "The Nature of Thought" and is also co-author of "Philosophy in American Education" and "Preface to Philosophy."

Practical Dreamer

A SOCIALIST'S FAITH. By Norman Thomas. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 326 pp. $4.

By Morris L. Ernst

I HAVE long felt that readers should be put in a position to discount prejudices or strong attitudes of reviewers in connection with any particular review. Hence at the very start I want to record a treasured, fast friendship with Norman Thomas and at the same time make clear that I have been an avowed anti-Marxist during the many decades of my long relationship with Norman Thomas.

Against this background I have no reservation in saying that this is an important book, particularly for those non-Marxists who are interested in the relative lack of political strength of Socialism in the United States as compared with its growth in other parts of the world. Moreover, this volume is compulsory reading for those legislators and newspaper owners who are constantly confusing our public by false analogies between Socialism and Communism. Hence, "A Socialist's Faith" may make a real contribution in these two spheres, especially because during Norman Thomas's long, active career as a national political educator no one other than Communists or extreme Fascists has ever attacked the author's integrity and good faith.

The book itself is distinguished thinking on the issues of our day written by a valuable citizen. It is also a delightful bit of "rantumscooting,"

Norman Thomas—"a valuable citizen."

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including historical discussions of Socialism in 1914, causes for the failure of Socialism in Germany, the implication of its advances in Western Europe between the wars, its partial acceptance in the British Commonwealth, and the reason for its failure to take root in the United States. Because of this roaming it is not easy to describe the volume, although it might be of help to prospective readers to note the clarifying chapter headings: The Failure of Private Capitalism; The Socialist Answer; Socialist Planning; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Socialism and Its Political Tools; Socialism, Labor Unions, and Cooperatives; What Hope of Peace; and Accepting the Challenge. As written by a six-times Presidential candidate, it is quite disarming, since the author confesses that democratic Socialists have been partly responsible for the misunderstandings about Socialism and that it is no complete alibi for them to indicate that Karl Marx in explaining how Socialism would come to power scarcely suggested how it would use the power.

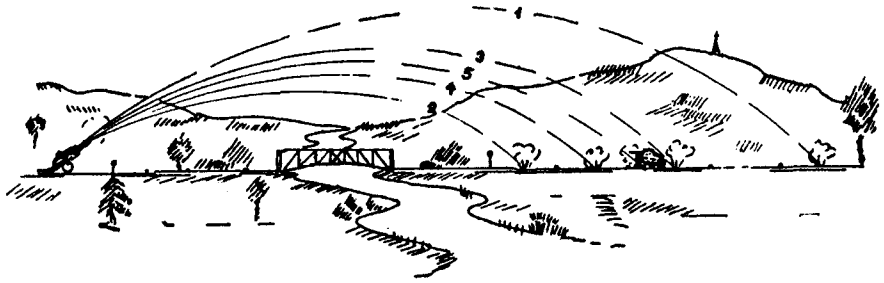
To Norman Thomas Socialism and Marxism are not identical, and I am convinced he is correct when he indicates that not one of the principal dogmas of Marxism is maintained by Marxists today without clarification. His frankness forces him, moreover, to indicate that Socialists were more often moved by hatred of the rich than by love of their fellowmen. As a result he holds that Communism will be the principal beneficiary of Marxist tradition and he has little hope that Communism will live in amity with democracy in the near future. I wish he had gone further into his thesis that Communism does not have its strength in the failures of democracy, no matter how much such failures contribute to it. When reading this portion of the book it occurred to me that the Marshall Plan would have been far more effective in Europe and its results better shared by the peasants and workers of France and Italy if Norman Thomas had been called in by Paul Hoffman as a top assistant in the ECA. I would even suggest that the present head of ECA take this under consideration.

The exposition of Socialism in England should be particularly good reading for those stupid Americans who confuse our public, which is nearly 100 per cent anti-Communist, by referring to all kinds of welfare legislation as "Communist." The same type of mind refuses to realize that the great advances in production of consumer goods and in its health program were made in the economy of Socialist England. When, however, Thomas writes about the failure of British Socialism to do anything with the land problem my mind turns to that great land reformer, General Douglas MacArthur, who divided up 90 per cent of the land of Japan, a figure so shocking and wonderful in its implications that it is scarcely ever mentioned to the American people.

As to the United States, I welcome the frank statement that the reason for the failure of Socialist philosophy here is that capitalism has worked so well; and that this in part resulted because we are the richest free-trade area in the world. For the Roosevelt haters it might be well to read how Roosevelt weakened the Socialist organization by making capitalism effective. I wish the book were as specific in other sections as it is in regard to the author's land program, and to farms, mineral wealth, forests, cities. Above all I take it from this volume that Socialism need not be a rigid, inflexible concept but rather a question of the degree to which a people decide upon cooperative ownership and management of their economic lives. We should not forget that when our nation was founded fire companies were run for private profit, often with the use of such slogans as "no money, no squirty," and I take it that no one would now suggest that fire fighting should be desocialized and put back into the hands of private entrepreneurs.

Norman Thomas, not an impractical dreamer, realizes the dangers that lie in premature expansion of Government ownership in a country of our vast size and sees dangers in any government taking over so many operations that it does an inept job—and to the extent that it is inept resents criticism and then invokes its powers to limit the free market place of thought.

Here is a calm, enlightened brief for expansion of Socialism, with one strong eye fixed on the danger of the police state. Jim Farley spoke wisely when he said we would be better off with more Americans like Norman Thomas. To which I add, we would be better off with more such books even though we disagree with the main thesis.



—*From "Mathematical Snapshots."*

"Gunnery Problem."

Think of a Number...

MATHEMATICAL SNAPSHOTS. By H. Steinhaus. New York: Oxford University Press. 266 *pp.* $4.50.

By Arnold Dresden

FOR THE professional mathematician the value of this charming volume lies in the wealth of interesting problems, bits of information, and remarks which it offers. Some of these are new, some less original, and some are old acquaintances; but the old problems frequently receive a new setting. For the amateur mathematician its greatest value lies in the suggestions to visit new places not mentioned by the official guide books. To the adult general reader the book presents a vast mine of fascinating entertainment.

"Mathematical Snapshots" has many of the attractions of a picture book for adults. Fully two-thirds of its space is taken up by the 295 illustrations, which are most varied in character, including a full-page outline map of Lake Michigan, pictures of a part of the piano keyboard and of several chess boards, six pages of designs that might be used for floor mats, photographs of the Platonic regular solids and of some less regular ones, and much more.

This diversity corresponds to the catholic character of the book's contents. It deals with proportional representation, with end games in chess, with a number of puzzles, with space-filling curves, with the packing of apples in a box, with the golden section, with the inflammability of emulsions, with knots, with the coloring of maps, and so on and on. Only a few of the problems occupy more than a page; several of them are disposed of in a few lines—that is to say, they are formulated in a few lines, though their solutions are another matter, for very few of the questions are answered. Every reader can suit his tastes and his needs. He can occupy himself with fitting a square into a map of Lake Michigan or with measuring the length of the Mississippi River. If he prefers he can try to answer the question of

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why on rolling a nickel along *half* the circumference of another nickel the first nickel will end up with the Indian in the same position as he occupied at the start of the expedition.

A good many readers will be held spellbound by the problem of dividing a rectangle into nine squares of different sizes. If one should happen to open to page 100 one will become engrossed in the problem of pursuit, how a coastguard vessel is to proceed to catch another ship, or how dogs A, B, and C are to run if A chases B, B chases C, and C chases A. From there he might read further to learn why it is not possible to make three paths from each of three houses to a dovecot, a well, and a haystack without any intersections. In another place he will come on the problem of dividing the contents of a twelve-gallon can into two equal parts by the sole use of empty cans of seven and of five gallons capacity. And he will find that this old question can be answered by means of a billiard table and that it has a connection with problems in gunnery. In recent years many people have been pestered with the detection by two or three weighings of one odd weight (too light or too heavy, we don't know which) among a set of otherwise identical weights; Mr. Steinhaus will bring them relief.

Open this book at random; you will find an interesting story or an amusing picture in the immediate vicinity of your landing place. It might well be called a mathematical telescope, for it enables the reader to get a good look at the vast mathematical universe by looking through an eyepiece of less than 300 pages. Like any telescope, it can be adjusted to the peculiarities of the observer's eye. It brings mathematics within our reach; it lifts the subject out of the realm of esoteric lore and also out of the domain of technical science. It opens the way for people of widely varying interests to gain insight into the essential character of mathematics, that extraordinary manifestation of human capacities, and, incidentally, to have a good time while learning something.

Arnold Dresden, professor of mathematics at Swarthmore College, is the author of "An Invitation to Mathematics" and "An Introduction to Calculus."

Ideas & Men Notes

KIERKEGAARD: The Melancholy Dane. By H. V. Martin. Philosophical Library. $3. So many books about Kierkegaard have appeared in recent years that a new one would seem to

(*Continued on page* 29)

Fiction. *The writing of historical novels has become so profitable (and hence so vast) an industry that relatively few works of the genre deserve serious critical consideration. Yet each season sees the publication of a few meritorious works—studies of real people coping with real problems, exotic as their environment may seem. Among 1951's books, seventeenth-century Old and New England have been the locales of Shirley Barker's "Rivers Parting" and LeGrand Cannon, Jr.'s "Come Home at Even"; Walter O'Meara followed the path marked several years ago by A. B. Guthrie's "The Way West" in writing about nineteenth-century white men among the Indians. This latter theme is further explored by James Aldridge's "The Hunter" (page 14), although the time is nearer the present. Burke Davis's Revolutionary War story, "The Ragged Ones" (page 15), and Van Wyck Mason's chronicle of the Confederate Navy, "Proud New Flags" (also reviewed this week on page 32), are stirring tales in a more traditional mold.*

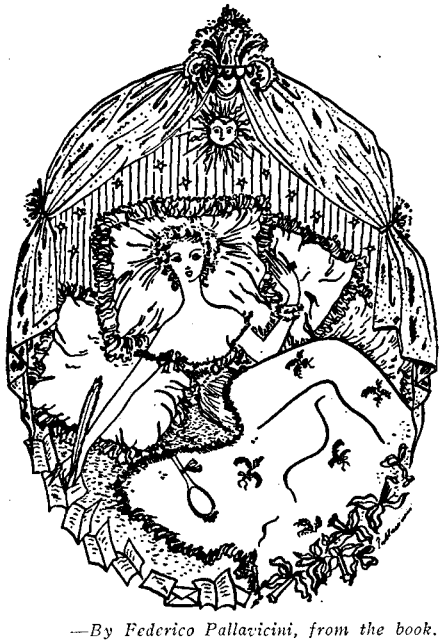
The "Augmintation" of Mommy

A MOUSE IS BORN. By Anita Loos. New York: Doubleday & Co. 214 pp. $2.50.

By Jane Allen

"SINCE I was about fourteen, and my baby fat began to disappear, except in the spots where it began to augmint, Mommy's Form sometimes failed to bring out the best in Passers-By."

The "passers-by" are, of course, male, and Mommy is Effie Huntriss, whose form "augminted" her right into stardom even though she couldn't act. But when Mommy had a fourth try at matrimony with Clyde Babcock, middle-aged star, Mommy augminted herself into a delicate condition and temporary retirement from the screen. After all, Motherhood was sacred and well worth every sacrifice a girl made, including several bedridden months ordered by Dockie Davis, her medical adviser. For, after all, what did Mommy have to live for? Just a lousy forty-five hundred dollars a week and millions of fan letters.



—By Federico Pallavicini, from the book.

So Mommy lay bravely alone in her "Belle Air" estate awaiting the arrival of the "Little Mouse," for Clyde had moved out to woo his new leading lady, Inga Swansen, and nobody bothered to come and call on Mommy—it seems Mommy had slipped at the box office, and anyway the distances in Hollywood are so great practically nobody has time to travel.

So Mommy was advised by her agent to improve the shining hours with reading some books and maybe find a story for her comeback after the Little Mouse arrived, and this is how she found Vernon, who owned a book nookery, and he was most sympathetic and "danced" right over with a whole armful of books. Mommy tried to read the books, but there was nothing about sex in them and goodness knows that sex is one of those things that the largest number of people know nothing about—and who should know better than Effie Huntriss, who is Hollywood's Chief Exponint of Sex.

So Vernon was practically the only person who cared at all, and when Mommy's household staff staged Roman orgies with their friends, draped in sheets, Mommy called Vernon and he danced right over and tossed out the servants. Mommy was so grateful she wanted to buy Vernon's book nookery just to keep him around, but her agent told her she owed the Gov-

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ernment $650,000.00 and had exactly $883.40 in her bank account and Clyde wouldn't come through because she had signed away her legal rights in their marriage contract.

So Vernon moved in, "because it's the closest I can get to having a baby" and it was all silly what people said about them because with a man like Vernon, well, it was just silly. And Vernon brought a maid with him, Peoria, to do the housework, and Peoria was not only a very good cleaner and loved Hollywood high life, but she could Polychrome and Polychrome she did all over the house, in gold, yet. This left Mommy free to follow Vernon's suggestion to write her own book about sex, so the Little Mouse could have all the Fackts.

I'm sorry, but that's how it is. Mommy's Fackts are both sordid and dreary, and Miss Loos's studied attempt to duplicate the tour de force of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is at the very least unfortunate.

But I'm sorry most of all because I owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Loos, for when we were young and twenty and read "Gentlemen" we appropriated Dorothy and Lorelei as our own and pirated their delightful vernacular to our private use. Blandly we practised it with generally hilarious results on the "gentlemen" who were misguided enough to beau us around—all of which makes me feel very much of a heel.

It is too bad, I feel, that Miss Loos concentrated on the dull Fackts and gave us but fragmentary glimpses of the genuinely appealing Vernon, Peoria, Skip Norton, studio comic, and Jimmy McCoy, cutter, who provides a happy soap-opera conclusion.

And, anyway, if this is sex I say the hell with it. I say it's horrid.

Jane Allen wrote "I Lost My Girlish Laughter," a story of Hollywood.

The Land of Promise

THE HUNTER. By James Aldridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 277 pp. $3.

By WALTER O'MEARA

"IT WAS on top of the ridge that they suddenly faced the new country beyond them, a completely different country. Looking at it, pleased and excited with it, Roy could see why they called it the Silver Dollar Land.

" 'Look at those lakes!' Roy said in amazement. As far as he could see there were hundreds of white lakes scattered through the valleys and the green timber. Most of them were small and round, and all of them glistened in the sun, like a hoard of silver dollars. 'By God, Moose,' Roy said. 'This is the country!' "

Your heart leaps a little with Roy McNair's as you come thus abruptly on this "new country," this trapper's Land of Promise, untouched by loggers, filled with beaver—more beaver than there are traps to catch them. The idea of a Promised Land is an old one, as old and deep as man's hopes. But it has almost disappeared from our literature and perhaps even from our hopes. It is heartening to come across this sharp, clear reminder of the ancient concept in James Aldridge's story of the Ontario bush.

Roy McNair surveys his Land of Promise—and hopes to find more than beaver there. For Roy is a man beset by uncertainties, a man insecure. He is "trapped out," as he says; fur-bearing animals have become so scarce in his territory that a man can no longer make a living there. His small farm is rapidly going to pot under the mismanagement of his shiftless brother. His odd, inarticulate love for the city woman Jeannie Andrews is threatened by the ever-present specter of her absent husband.

Nature and society have teamed up to menace everything that Roy McNair has or knows or hopes for. At last, more than anything else he wants refuge from them—and from himself. So he turns outlaw in earnest, enters the forbidden Preserve, and becomes a hunted man, a man dogged and harassed by the law and by the taunts of his conscience.

These are the materials of a good tale, and the underlying symbolism of Mr. Aldridge's story is simple and natural enough not to interfere with them. The manhunt across the frozen Musk-o-gee tightens you up; the groping love scenes are poignant and true; life in the Canadian bush is depicted vividly and for the most part accurately—although I have never heard of an Indian growing wild rice or of .30-30 bullets ricocheting from pine-log walls.

Mr. Aldridge writes in flat, direct prose that just when you decide to be bored straightens you up with an incisive and revealing word or phrase. His narrative style is admirably simple; some might say his restraint is excessive. His dialogue at times is a bit surprising in the mouths of fur hunters. I doubt that any Indian trapper ever said anything much like "The law means one thing when you read it and another when you break it, particularly the code."

Here is a sincere and occasionally penetrating study of man against the eternal odds—and a readable yarn about the edge of the Big North.

Walter O'Meara is the author of "The Grand Portage," a recently published novel about white men in Indian country.

—*Christopher Alexander.*

—*Erich Hartmann.*

James Aldridge, Anita Loos, Stephen Becker—"Yarn . . . Fackts . . . dream."

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Portrait of Peiping

THE SEASON OF THE STRANGER. By Stephen Becker. New York: Harper & Bros. 278 pp. $3.

By PRESTON SCHOYER

THIS is an unusual novel, not in its material but its approach. It is the story of an American, an outsider, caught in one of history's convulsive moments, of which there have been all too many in recent years. This one is the climactic moment of Communist success in sweeping away the tawdry remains in ancient China as represented by the Nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek. There is the beautiful girl who is of the country, within whom the new and old are in conflict. Inevitably the American and the girl fall in love, and the stranger to the land and to the struggle is thereby enmeshed in the same struggle, both its triumph and tragedy.

If neither theme nor even plot are new, nevertheless here is a good story, exciting and told with a mounting suspense that holds the reader fast. It can also be said that Stephen Becker writes with unusual smoothness and frequent beauty, and that the portraits of Peiping, of the students there, and of the American are vivid and subtly perceptive.

Up to this point there is no bone of contention. But Mr. Becker's "unexpected approach" is another matter. Essentially that approach is intellectual and poetic, a combination which tends on occasion, at least in Mr. Becker's hands, to draw a veil about his story. Sometimes this veil is simply one of obscurity, at other times it creates the impression that the story is being viewed from a dream or half-dream and that the characters moving through it are less flesh and blood than the personification of ideas.

As with these characters, so with China. Though Mr. Becker shows a remarkable knowledge of the country considering his brief time in it, his scene seems less China as it is than an idea about China. There is Chinese grit under the fingernails and there is the smell of tea—and yet it isn't quite real, not, as, say, India is real in "Kim" or "A Passage to India."

But perhaps this was Mr. Becker's intent. Perhaps it's unfair to put critical emphasis on the way he chose to write his book. Others may well applaud it. To this reviewer, however, that approach did damage to an otherwise fine first novel by a new writer of unquestioned talent.

Preston Schoyer has written "The Indefinite River" and "The Tinkling of the Bell," novels about China.

—Jacket design by Edwin Schmidt for "The Ragged Ones."

General Greene—plus Bundling

THE RAGGED ONES. By Burke Davis. New York: Rinehart & Co. 336 pp. $3.50.

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

AT THE very end of the American Revolution a Colonial wit composed a jingle to a square-dance tune, which satirized the final campaign of the Redcoats in the Southern Colonies. It went something like this:

Cornwallis led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir,
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

In "The Ragged Ones" Burke Davis, himself a North Carolinian and a descendant of men who fought on both sides in this campaign, captures some of the intensity of this macabre dance. Against a backdrop of rolling caissons, arson, plunder, and rape Lord Cornwallis, who had fought the French and Saxons gloriously but in the face of the partisan warfare of the Southern backwoodsmen became a "dim sorry figure in scarlet and lace," duels with the fighting Quaker Nathanael Greene. Taking over after Gates's collapse at Camden, Greene wore down the well-fed invaders by a combination of amazing tenacity and superb strategy. Two great cavalrymen slash through Davis's pages, "Butcher" Tarleton, who had reddened his sabers on Washington's ragged Continentals, and the man who proved his master, Daniel Morgan, hero of Cowpens.

Against this heroic background a rather conventional boy-meets-girl story runs through its tortuous routine and works out to a satisfactory conclusion. Hardly a writer of war novels in our generation has been able to escape the influence of Ernest Hemingway. Burke Davis proves no exception. Quite obviously fashioning

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his heroine after the accommodating Catherine of "A Farewell to Arms," with a further bow to the venerable custom of bundling, so congenial to our twentieth-century conception of the sex life of the Revolutionary fathers and mothers, the author gives us a little hellion named Anna, one part nymphomaniac and one part violated virgin. Her propensity for getting into bed with strange men and then changing her mind must have proven as irritating to her bedfellows as it may to some readers. As a camp follower who finally gets her man—young John Blount, a gallant North Carolinian—the high-spirited wench gives us enough "cheesecake" to satisfy any publisher's notion of what book buyers demand.

Davis manages to keep his narrative of military events at a high level of excitement and at the same time to create some vital portraits of those who fought in Greene's tattered and starving army. Old Frohawk, the fighting college professor, and John Bulwer, the fat eunuch sutler, stand far above the craven militiamen and the grimy changecoats. But his writing is uneven and his dialogue combines earthy realism with stilted pedantry. At his best when he has Cornwallis at Guilford Courthouse order his artillery to open with grapeshot on the tangling mass of men and horses, shooting down both British and American soldiers indiscriminately. Davis is least convincing when he resorts to coincidence and cliché to save his heroine's dubious honor.

Richard B. Morris, professor of American history at Columbia University, edited "The Era of the American Revolution."

Fiction Notes

WALK ON THE WATER. By Ralph Leveridge. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. As do most of the novels that have come out of World War II, Mr. Leveridge's book centers on the actions of a group of men. This time we have an infantry squad in combat in the South Pacific. Much of the action goes on in rain-soaked foxholes as the squad takes part in the battle against the Japanese, but the concern—again as in almost all World War II novels—is with the subjective reactions of the men rather than with the larger outlines of warfare or the details of combat. The sergeant, Hervey, is the principal character. Son of a Senator, he is presented as an able, respected, just, and humane leader of men. A man hollowed out by a driving sense of responsibility that leaves him lone-

(*Continued on page* 32)

Personal History. *Perhaps the shoemaker ought to stick to his last, but the books reviewed here suggest that he can have lots more fun if he doesn't. Lionel Barrymore reveals in "We Barrymores," the story of himself, brother Jack, and sister Ethel, that, although he has made a living from the family profession, his heart belongs to two other arts. George Sessions Perry, who pays an income tax for the privilege of writing for the slicks, in "Tales of a Foolish Farmer" describes how he turned a piece of Texas into a quasi-paradise. Charles W. Thayer, who was raised to be a soldier but ended up a cookie-pusher, reports on his escapades in Russia of the 1930's in "Bears in the Caviar." Another diplomat, an Argentine named Ernesto Uriburu, shows in "Seagoing Gaucho" how merry life can manage to be if you buy a compass and go where it points.*

The Best Actor in the Family?

WE BARRYMORES. By Lionel Barrymore as told to Cameron Shipp. New York: Appleton - Century - Crofts. 311 *pp.* $3.50.

By Russell Rhodes

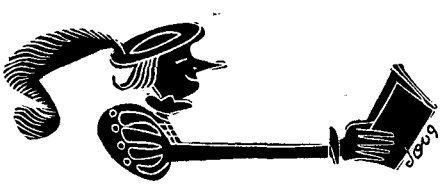
THE BARRYMORES were born for legend. Often the line of authenticity is happily blurred with the apocryphal, as is only appropriate when flamboyance struts the stage. Maurice Barrymore, elegant English actor, *was* shot in a Texas saloon by a drunken deputy sheriff because he objected, as any Victorian gentleman might, to the latter's foul language. His infant son Lionel *may* have cut his teeth on the bullet extracted from his father's back. The eldest Barrymore, at seventy-three, cites this colorful figment as possible but scarcely meriting dispute.

What possesses him as he taunts the reflections in his triptych makeup mirror with charming candor, Rabelaisian wit, and cavalier nostalgia is that he has not "obtained" in painting, music, or acting, the three arts that have sent him chasing a rainbow in as many different directions. "We Barrymores" is essentially Lionel's apologia, trailing though it does gay, fluttering ribbons of harum-scarum adventure that spell romance for ordinary mortals to whom the footlights' glow is at once fascinating and impenetrable. Theatregoers will hail it as one of his best performances. Two accidents (not arthritis) crippled Lionel Barrymore but failed to daunt his spirit. Dr. Kildaire in a wheel chair emerges as a gallant philosopher rather than a self-pitying auto-psychoanalyst.

Though grease paint has mixed in the blood of the Drew-Barrymore tribe from the days of William Haycraft Lane and Louisa Rouse, English player-managers of the mid-eighteenth century, Lionel Barrymore never took the theatre seriously, claiming that environment rather than heredity made him an actor. Born and fetched up in the Philadelphia home of his grandmother Louisa Lane Drew ("Mum Mum"), who had arrived by sailing packet from England in 1827 to found the American dynasty, his scattered education was of the lick-and-a-promise sort. At fifteen he made his debut in Kansas City with Mrs. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney (Uncle Googan) Drew, and others in "The Rivals." He was a flop. When his grandmother formally removed him, with the gracious suggestion that Sheridan had intended the part for one of advanced years, he was overjoyed and has since maintained a blanket aversion to acting.

> . . . I never considered myself cut out for the priesthood, as it were. The reason that I worked in the theatre was that I had nothing else to do, and the reason that I worked in motion pictures was that I had nothing else to do. Anyone can be an actor. And, if you need five dollars, you can even be an author.

John Barrymore at the peak of his meteoric career declared that Lionel was the best actor in the family. ("I could wish sometimes that he had been a critic," writes L. B.) And old



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—*From "We Barrymores," courtesy of the Spencer Berger Collection.*

The Barrymores three—at ease on the sound stage of "Rasputin and the Empress."

playgoers will not forget the villainous colonel of "Peter Ibbetson," the bullying Neri of "The Jest," or that great final scene in "The Copperhead" when the aging Milt Shanks put on his old Grand Army uniform. Lionel Barrymore notes these incidents, too, as well as skimming over "A Free Soul," that won him Hollywood's Academy Award in 1931, "Rasputin and the Empress," which united him in pictures with Ethel and John, and other impersonations in a dossier of more than seventy films.

While choosing to disparage his part in the American theatre, he seems to have been temporarily happy at painting—for which he once fled the stage to daub in the Paris ateliers of Jean-Paul Laurens and Richard Miller. His observations on the "light-seeing" impressionists—Manet, Jongkind, Pissaro—his disdain of modernists but admiration for Van Gogh and Gauguin, Renoir, Grant Wood, and Thomas Hart Benton reveal him as a thoughtful and honest appreciator. He began to write music more than forty years ago and has had the satisfaction of having his compositions played by symphony orchestras under Rodzinski, Ormandy, and other distinguished conductors. This is the field about which he expresses the greatest pleasure.

Cameron Shipp has preserved the picturesque flavor of an "off-the-set" chat. Result: a family portrait of the mercurial Drew - Barrymore clan roughed out in lively chiaroscuro and anecdotic affection in Lionel's sketch book.

Among the many milestones that passed between the death of Mum Mum, which set the Barrymore brothers adrift and homeless, and the disintegration of Jack, the greatest Hamlet of his time, to a dying caricature on Rudy Vallee's radio show, Lionel talks with fond respect of his father, of Uncle John Drew, and Ethel. He recalls early days with D. W. Griffith on Long Island and in Hollywood, sketches in producers, artists, and writers of a long-vanished Broadway, airs a general contempt for theatre audiences and critics, and concludes that for all their faults you mustn't sell the movies short.

It should surprise nobody that any Barrymore worth his salt can likewise add the felicitous phrase. Lionel's is "serendipitist." After a lifelong losing battle to break the shackles of his 200-years-old ancestral profession he suspects that, as with Walpole's Three Princes of Serendip, sheer chance has rewarded him with many agreeable and unsought advantages, despite a driving perverseness within.

"Even today—and it does not seem to me like a late hour at all—I am hopeful that somehow I may find my correct métier" is not the philosophy of Scrooge.

Russell Rhodes is drama critic of the New York Journal of Commerce.

Gallant Lady

FAMILY KINGDOM. By Samuel Woolley Taylor. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 302 pp. $3.50.

By Dale L. Morgan

SEVERAL years ago in *Holiday* magazine Samuel W. Taylor published an account of his remarkable father and the life he led his six families as one of the last great Mormon polygamists, a reminiscence so full of zest, of high good humor, and refreshing social insights as to have retained a warm place in the recollection of all who read it. Now he has written an entire book about John W. Taylor and his variegated families, a book which has every good quality of the original article and particular virtues besides.

I am sure it will delight many as a tale; at the same time it has a certain value as a contribution to our understanding of the mechanics and the infinite complexity and variety of the society in which we live.

By intention "Family Kingdom" is the story of Mr. Taylor's mother, Nettie May, the third of John W.'s six wives. But, of course, her story is inseparable from that of her husband, and to all intents and purposes it comes to its end with John W. Taylor's death in 1916. Not exactly a formal biography even of his mother and not even remotely one of his father, Mr. Taylor's "Family Kingdom" actually is an impressionistic portrait of both his parents, gay and altogether engaging yet with an underlying sadness. For Nettie M. Taylor, still living today, has seen herself become a quaint and uncomfortable anachronism even among her own people. The sacrifices she made were in pursuit of an ideal which in the perspective of time is seen to have been vain and impossible and which the Mormons themselves would prefer to have forgotten.

A son by a plural wife of the third president of the Mormon church, John W. Taylor was a young man of distinguished presence, gay and gregarious, headstrong to the point of wilfulness, brimming over with energy, a born promoter and plunger, yet a man whose essential spirituality was his most striking quality. He brought snap and sparkle into the lives of everyone who knew him, warmth and a sense of the richness of life, so that each of his friends regarded himself as his best friend and each of his six wives felt assured in her heart that she was his favorite wife, while he was adored by, as he adored, not only the three dozen children his own wives bore him but all

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the children of any neighborhood he lived in.

But he was a man born too early or too late. In a time when the survival of his church depended upon its capacity for compromise and change he was hostile to compromise and incapable of change. He had taken his first two plural wives just before his church formally renounced the practice of plural marriage; like a great many others of his generation, John W. Taylor could not bring himself to give up a principle he regarded as divinely enjoined, and thereafter he took three more wives. Inevitably it became necessary that the church hurl him from his high position as one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. For, although at various periods in its history the church had found it necessary to talk from two sides of its mouth, during those times it also had to maintain a façade of impeccable integrity, depending upon the passing years to harden this into the real thing. Any one member could be regarded as expendable.

As history "Family Kingdom" would be a good deal more valuable if—granting that he had the desire—Samuel W. Taylor had the necessary information to develop the details of his father's estrangement from the church. The whole question of plural marriage and its abandonment by the church is still a Pandora's box the church authorities would just as soon keep closed for a long time.

But I do not wish to make too much of defects. Mr. Taylor's account of his mother's growing up depicts the patriarchal society of the Utah frontier in the time of its finest flowering and shows us also why and how that way of life came to an end. His mother's gallant years on "the underground" as a child-bearing "widow," the dizzy alternation of her life, emotionally, socially, and financially, between the heights and the depths, the rigid principle she had to live by, the disproportionate sacrifices that polygamy required from the women, and the complacence of the men in pursuit of heavenly blessings with earthly prerogatives, the complex relations which obtained between wives and families—all this and much more is woven into a continuously fascinating story told with wit, warmth, and much wisdom. Only nine years old when his father died, Samuel W. Taylor writes about him with some detachment, but no one will doubt the affection with which he holds in remembrance his extraordinary father or the love and admiration he has for his mother.

Dale L. Morgan is the author of "The Great Salt Lake" and other books about the Mormon Country.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TRANSFORMATIONS

The gods of old, says Blanche Brown McKeown, of Memphis, Tennessee, had a surprising habit of changing people into something else at a moment's notice. In the following instances, allow five points for the changer and five for the changee. A score of sixty is par, sixty-five is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. This indiscreet young girl was changed into a heifer by the supreme ruler of high Olympus, with whom she dallied, to protect her from his wife's wrath.
2. An impudent urchin was turned into a lizard by the goddess of the harvest, whom he had ridiculed for eating too fast.
3. This beautiful girl was imprudent enough to argue with the goddess of wisdom, and as a result the goddess turned her hair to writhing snakes.
4. A young hunter who surprised the goddess of the chase with her nymphs bathing in a forest pool was changed into a stag by the enraged goddess.
5. The jealous wife of the ruler of the gods turned one of her husband's girl friends into a bear, and soon the girl bore a little bear son.
6. The seven daughters of Atlas were pursued too ardently by the hunter Orion, so they called on their patroness for aid and were changed into snow-white pigeons at once and later into stars.
7. Two hospitable old people who entertained the highest of the gods and his messengers unawares were granted their wish to die together by becoming oak trees.
8. A father who wished to keep his daughter unwed imprisoned her on top of a tower, only to have her courted by a powerful god in the guise of a shower of gold.
9. The daughter of a river god, pursued by the god of the sun, called for help in her dire need and was transformed into a laurel tree by her father.
10. A goddess accidentally killed a young hunter with whom she was in love, and in her remorse she placed him and his faithful dog in the heavens as a constellation and a star.

The Ketch Was Valiant

SEAGOING GAUCHO. By Ernesto Uriburu. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 218 pp. $3.

By Alfred F. Loomis

THERE is an unwritten law. A young man builds a boat, goes to sea, and writes a book. It's as simple as ABC or as boy meets girl. The formula necessitates the relation of courses sailed, financial difficulties overcome, and hazardous adventures eventually concluded. No provision of the law requires that the seafarer shall be a writer or that the reader shall sympathetically identify himself with any of the characters. Fun, afloat or ashore, is generally excluded.

Not so with "Seagoing Gaucho." Ernesto Uriburu, an Argentine in his country's diplomatic service, saw a compass in a shop window in Philadelphia and bought it. He sent home for his brother Roberto, another uninhibited soul, and with little difficulty convinced him that a sail boat to go around the compass was exactly what they needed. The boat must be big and strong and seaworthy—a fifty-foot ketch, for example—so that it would take them to far lands where diplomatic problems are easily forgotten. Roberto knew a man who would design and also two men who would build such a boat and so returned to Buenos Aires to set affairs in motion. Ernesto stayed on his job but sold his car and a few other family heirlooms to finance the building of the boat. That was in 1939.

World War II and various diplomatic assignments delayed completion of the ketch *Gaucho*, and it was not until the summer of 1946 that the brothers Uriburu and two chosen companions escaped out of the mouth of the River Plate. One of the shipmates was a photographer nicknamed Lobo—of a type not hitherto encountered in cruise literature. On a rainy day he wore two suits, one over the other, rather than the conventional raincoat. The logical type, says Ernesto. The other companion, Julio, an Argentine Navy officer on leave, who did the navigating, was of the practical type and "not exactly indifferent to women."

The *Gaucho* sailed and sailed, first to Rio, then to Dakar, Africa, then on to the Mediterranean and out of it on the far side at Suez. There had been stops along the way and a particularly long one at Port Tewfik, where Mika, a houri built on ample, luxurious lines, kidnapped both Lobo and Julio in her racy convertible and took them to see the Valley of the Kings. There had been some thought

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of continuing down the Red Sea and into the Indian Ocean, but by then America was 7,000 miles away and the gauchos were willing to settle for a clean tablecloth and food they could eat without boiling.

So they sailed westward through the Mediterranean, seeking repose from time to time, and out across the Atlantic to New York, and finally down the coasts of North and South America and back to Buenos Aires. They had been gone two years and twenty-five days and had completed 27,500 miles of sailing that was carefree and yet of sufficient competence to earn for Ernesto the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal—highest award attainable by those who go to sea without compulsion.

There is an ebullience in the author's nature which keeps him from dwelling overlong on the monotonous phases of small-boat adventuring. He loves sailing but he also loves people and delights in going ashore and engaging odd characters in conversation. So "Seagoing Gaucho" is filled with all kinds of amusing incidents.

He acknowledges his indebedness to Beverley Bowie, "who weeded out my prose and gave sanity to my syntax" adding in the process a good bit of salty and earthy American argot. But it is the author of the book, organizer of the expedition, good-will ambassador of a nation which has had anything but a good press of late, captain (and cook) of the *Gaucho*, who makes this one of the most engaging stories of a cruise ever published.

Alfred F. Loomis is associate editor of Yachting.

—*From "Seagoing Gaucho."*

Ernesto Uriburu—"where diplomatic problems are easily forgotten."

Independence Paid Off

DAMNED OLD CRANK: A Self-Portrait of E. W. Scripps Drawn from His Unpublished Writings. Edited by Charles R. McCabe. New York: Harper & Bros. 259 pp. $3.50.

By M. R. WERNER

E. W. SCRIPPS was the most distinct developer and proprietor of newspaper enterprises this country ever possessed. He was a "sport" among his kind because he could never believe in himself or in mankind beyond certain essential degrees. Despite the fact that he had to do with the organization of daily newspapers in fifteen states, with the development of the second largest news dissemination enterprise, the United Press, and with the success of various newspaper syndicates, he is less well known to the public than his inferiors, Pulitzer, Hearst, and the McCormick dynasty. This book, made up of selections from his random writings, is in my opinion the most penetrating and interesting document on journalism, its opportunities and its failings, that has ever been published in this country. Most books on journalism or journalists confine themselves to homilies, dramatics, and anecdotes. This is an essay in skepticism and a legacy of important experience which no student of the subject should fail to read carefully.

Scripps's main thesis is that journalism is ruined—not made—by money. He himself was tough enough to resist insofar as possible the domination of the advertiser, but he himself was also the first to admit, as he does in these pages, that he could not entirely succeed. In 1911, more than twenty-five years before Ralph Ingersoll's ill-starred experiment *PM*, Scripps started the *Day Book* in Chicago and refused all advertising. It began to make money in 1917, just when he had to discontinue it because of war preoccupations, and he was ambitious to start a chain of twenty adless daily papers, which would live modestly from the revenue it got from the people it served as readers. Scripps realized that one could not be dependent on the rich and remain a common man. He was also realistic enough to understand that he could not make the common man uncommon by preaching, though he might do some little good by interesting, amusing, and entertaining him, a certain form of education.

A spiritualist faker in San Diego told Scripps's son that his father must be "a crank, a damned old crank"; Scripps adopted the sobriquet with gusto. But he was much more than a crank. Cantakerous as he may sometimes have seemed to associates and rivals, he had too much sincere interest in humanity to be just a cracked misanthrope. On the second page of this book his philosophy is summed up best: "You see, I am sorry for everybody, including myself." He felt himself hated by the rich as a renegade and by the poor for being rich. His less daring half-brother and brother, to whom he showed the way to wealth, thought him a lazy eccentric because from his youth on he preferred to direct other men instead of attending to daily details himself, though he kept a watchful eye on the men and their results. In 1895, when he was forty-one, E. W. Scripps awoke to the fact that he was a millionaire. It embarrassed him, and he felt he had to justify himself. These papers from his large dictations are a partial justification as well as self-criticism and criticism of his fellow men, including other newspapermen.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in this remarkable essay on life in the United States in the Eighties, Nineties, and first quarter of the Nineteen-hundreds is the one called Some Outlandish Rules for Making Money, wherein Scripps demonstrates clearly that independence pays off in both dollars and self-satisfaction. He hated office routine, loved whisky and women. He boasts here that he drank more than a gallon a day, but the editor, Mr. McCabe, claims that may have been unscientific vanity. Strangely

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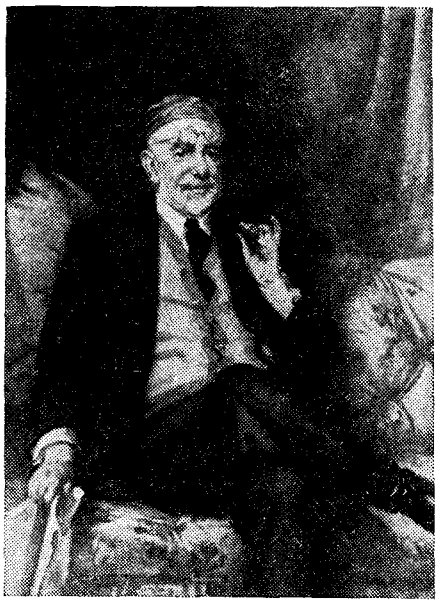

E. W. Scripps: "I am sorry for everybody."

enough, there is no bumptious vanity in this frank self-portrait.

Scripps's idea of the two cardinal sins was getting something for nothing and giving something for nothing. He believed in saving so that you could remain independent and proclaims: "It is more blessed to pay wages than to accept them. At least, it is more profitable." He was a firm believer in labor organization and thought a national minimum wage essential. In a chapter called Whatever Is, Is Wrong he writes: "The people of the United States should be taught that there should be a revolution in this country, a lawful revolution, a revolution of laws, and they should be taught how best to obtain this revolution." The press is plutocratic and "it is unfair in its dealings with the public, . . . it shows partiality in its dealings with the wealthy, and a far too great amount of indifference to the rights and welfare of the masses."

The press, as Scripps points out, is a great industry, and he, one of its greatest industrialists, now that his papers have been opened and published, has left us the frankest, most revealing account of methods and ideals ever furnished by any big industrialist whose words I have ever read. It is to be hoped that this is only the first instalment from the mass of papers that Mr. McCabe tells us in his excellent introductory note were left. Scripps died in 1926 on his yacht in Monrovia Bay, Liberia, at the age of seventy-two—after a dinner and energetic conversation with the American consul, as well as too many cigars. He was buried at sea.

M. R. Werner is the author of "Barnum," "Tammany Hall," "Brigham Young," and other books.

Texas Slice of Paradise

TALE OF A FOOLISH FARMER. By George Sessions Perry. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 200 pp. $3.

By Stanley Walker

"FOOLISH farmer," eh? George Sessions Perry of Rockdale, Texas, is approximately as foolish as a fox. He makes a good living writing magazine pieces. He is able to travel a great deal, much of the time in pleasant circumstances. When Texas burns in the summer he goes to his retreat in Connecticut. He has, above all, had the satisfaction of taking a worn-out, slovenly, unequipped farm and over the course of a few years turning it into a garden spot—not a very profitable one, perhaps, but good-looking, productive, and a source of honest pride.

Mr. Perry is a great hand for self-depreciation. To hear him tell it he is almost a bungler, devoid of any of the skills which are so handy to have around a growing stock farm, innocent of any particular training and experience, and an easy mark in all sorts of financial transactions. And yet for all his modesty the truth creeps out little by little in his delightful tale of how he transformed 250 acres of wilderness into a slice of Paradise—well, Paradise for that part of Texas, anyhow. He did it with his own stamina and acumen and by nursing a vision which many men have but which few are able to follow to the end. His project has been wholly admirable and has cost him much hard labor. He has made the thing work; the confession even comes out that he, a rank amateur, made money one season buying and selling cattle in open competition with older and presumably wiser heads. This takes a little luck, sometimes, but a complete fool couldn't have turned the trick.

The place where Massa George's dream has come true—or almost true—lies in Milam County, on the eastern fringe of Central Texas, along the San Gabriel River and Brushy Creek. This can be heartbreaking country, and many poor farmers live there to this day in what amounts to despair and hopelessness. But it has its good points, too. Part of it is very rich land; fingers of black earth stretch here and there; it is good country for fishing and small game. Much of this land, hurt for years by the sharecropping system, has been turned into stock farming to the benefit of all concerned, and Mr. Perry guessed perfectly right when he surmised that there was more money and more pleasure in raising beef cattle than in raising cotton.

Much of Mr. Perry's saga of the soil deals with his troubles: difficulties with hired help, farm implements, fences, and loading chutes, recalcitrant mules and horses, unpredictable cattle, floods, droughts, and such pests as green cockleburs (they kill brood sows) and something called Mexican clover, which causes bloat in cattle. He tells it all informally, ramblingly, and with no bragging whatsoever.

He is particularly good when letting himself go in his stories of his Negro retainers, the Arnwine family. He apparently wanders about his domain hip-deep in amiable colored people, every one of them a character with an arsenal of remarkable turns of expression. Mr. Perry has a perfect ear for this sort of talk, which is distinctly different from the Negro twists of speech encountered in the "Old States."

Mr. Perry's love for the soil, for the turning of the seasons, and the shifting lights on the Milam County landscape is implicit in every chapter of this little volume. At the same time, he steers clear of the supercharged dithyrambic approach which afflicts so many earth-loving writers these days. He simply tells his story, with many a trivial side excursion, and then calls it a day. Even when emphasizing the idea that he has done something which has brought him much happiness he doesn't counsel his readers to go and do likewise. Wisely, he knows that most persons would make a mess of it. Likewise, he preaches no windy conservation sermon, but what he has done, trial and error though much of it was, is an example of conservation at its very best.

He has made himself and a lot of other agreeable people happier, and he has made a showplace out of next to nothing. Moreover, he did it without government help. Nice going.

Stanley Walker, former city editor of the New York Herald Tribune, *now lives and writes in his native Texas. His books include "City Editor" and "Mrs. Astor's Horse."*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Io; Jupiter. 2. Stellio; Ceres. 3. Medusa; Minerva. 4. Actaeon; Diana. 5. Callisto; Juno. 6. Pleiades; Diana. 7. Philemon and Baucis; Jupiter. 8. Jupiter; himself. 9. Daphne; Peneus. 10. Diana; Orion and Sirius.

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Laughing Ambassador

BEARS IN THE CAVIAR. By Charles W. Thayer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 303 pp. $3.50.

By Anne Fremantle

TO BE funny without being either vulgar, cruel, or coarse is a unique achievement in life or in literature. Charles W. Thayer, sometime senior polo instructor to the Red Army and currently U. S. political liaison officer to the Bonn Government, has succeeded where many others have failed. His account of the life he chose after graduating fourth from the bottom of a class of 296 at West Point is one of the best apologies for human existence in this age of unpleasing persons, and the milk of human kindness in which he liberally bathes himself and his fellows is all the better for being liberally laced with vodka.

West Point seems from Mr. Thayer's description at least as horrible as Dr. Arnold's Rugby. The elaborate bullying and the inane discomfort would appear more likely to produce nice little Nazis than soldiers and gentlemen. But Mr. Thayer escaped into polo, which he evidently plays supremely well, and infuriated the late General Patton (more typical of West Point, no doubt, than this lieutenant) by preferring diplomacy to the Army. "Damned cookie pushing," Patton growled, when Thayer set off in a plane for Moscow.

Since it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, for all the Russians and all the Americans to kill each other, even with all the atom bombs both are busy making, it is well worth reading about an American who coexisted quite successfully with the citizens of the USSR for eight years and liked them, even though he couldn't have disapproved more of many, perhaps most, of their political, economic, moral, and material habits.

Mr. Thayer is never overtly preaching democracy; yet in his gay and gallant accounts he is an ambassador indeed. He tells of seals in the Moscow Embassy kitchen; of boxing with Vishinsky in a plane some thousands of feet over a frozen Saratov; of teaching the Red Army wild polo; of shooting at Baku duck in the marshes; of the baby bear who burped all over General Yegorov's brand-new tunic, medals, ribbons, and all; of the bridge between Soviet and Persian Djulfa, where Mr. Thayer sat stymied in a no-man's land, unable to enter either country, although stiff with diplomatic visas; of the evacuation of Moscow by hundreds of hungry diplomats; of ballet at Kuibyshev, varied by opera every other day; of the death of a favorite mare and the training of a favorite falcon. And, like a certain predecessor, he is, too, an ambassador in chains. But he is always totally engaged in humanity, whether it be a Chinese servant, a drunk GPU agent, or a couple fleeing the Gestapo.

Mr. Thayer can make the most horrifying situations seem lots of fun. The train that got stuck, full of foodless diplomats, barely outside the line of German fire; trying to phone during an air-raid; taking VIPs out to their warship in a storm on a dark night in a mine-filled, sub-haunted harbor; going by bus to Kabul amongst bandits—in retrospect all these sound like one, roaring good time. And, like a good raconteur, Mr. Thayer always laughs first at himself and only afterward at the others.

Anne Fremantle is the author of "Desert Calling," a biography of Charles de Foucauld, and a novel, "James and Joan."

"Here we have something special in breakfast foods. It's guaranteed to take some of that excess energy out of the kids."

Personal History Notes

THE SALT-BOX. By Jan Hilliard. Norton. $3. This is a Nova Scotia version of life without father. An English remittance man of snobbish pretensions, Father prospected for gold in British Columbia. His five motherless children lived on the North Atlantic shore in a crumbling, flower-rimmed salt-box. The lines of the venerable house were not authentic, but Father's irresponsibility was. Commuting between the gold fields and the salt-box, he stayed with his family barely long enough to paint afresh the sign on the house—"For Sale—A Bargain." Then he was off across the continent again to dream life away as an English gentleman in the prospectors' Vancouver that was forever England. "I'll send for you as soon as I get settled," he would promise. "Sell the house if you can."

In the expectation of moving—and becoming aristocrats—any week, any month, any year the children grew up as impoverished Nova Scotians. At the eastern end of Father's transcontinental shadow they could be neither carriage trade nor common bluenose folk. Prim, warm-hearted Aunt Belle saved and saved for the difficult brood. Lazy Uncle Harry shuttled between the far places that he visited and his favorite reading retreat behind the barn. Sophisticated Aunt Emily blew in from New York each summer to shock Aunt Belle, embarrass the Anglican rector, and laugh at old Tom, the family's endearing, if temperamental, horse.

Jan, the author of these illustrated reminiscences of the early Ford era, was the child who used to stage a "foot ache" in order to attract attention and then had to submit to melodramatic dosing with epsom salts. In her sprightly narrative she makes the most of Uncle Harry's Christmas crash through the bedroom floor, the Saturday bath ritual, the epic of Tom's runaway dash with Aunt Emily at the

(*Continued on page 28*)

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In Plain Words

AT LAST, out of the events of the past month, the great debate has been joined, the battle of words and ideas amongst the anti-Communist nations that will determine the course of history. Nothing has ever been seen like it, for isolationism is dead or is dying everywhere except for a few islands in the sea and the remote peninsulas. It is no longer a debate with our antagonists in the Kremlin and their satellites, although the ministers of the four Powers have been arguing in Paris as to whether any solid ground can be found for further argument. The average man in this country has lost all hope of compromise with Russia or with the Communist rulers of China, where the futile proposals for an armistice, negotiated through the United Nations or India, have been met with contemptuous silence. Wherever the world is now engaged in a shooting war, whether in Korea or Indo-China, there can be ultimately only one of two solutions, victory or defeat.

It is true that beginning with the Spanish Revolution in 1936 and with Hitler's bloodless conquests Europe and America were deeply disturbed by the threat of another world war, and billions of words and thousands of books were poured out to alarm—or divide—the people. But it was not the kind of debate in which we are now involved. The issues were clear cut and as time went on the democratic world, though clinging despairingly to compromise, was inevitably forced into war. There were two aggressors, Germany and Japan; the logic of armaments, sea and air power, industrial production, and national endurance led to the profound conviction that the Allies must be victorious. It was not difficult later to suspect that that neurotic genius Adolf Hitler was no Genghis Khan and that his monolithic Fascist state was corrupt at heart and would someday fall to pieces like a house of cards. It was possible to reason that Japan's conquest of the entire Orient was doomed to failure through attrition on the mainland of Asia and the total Naval, Army, and Air Force power of the United States.

We live in no such certainty today. Though one can argue that the war in Korea has an ominous resemblance to Spain's Civil War as a training ground for world conflict, actually there is little comparison between them. The Spaniards were engaged in a national conflict in which others joined, and remained so until the end, but the wretched Koreans are merely pawns in a far greater game of world politics, dying and starving for every cause but their own.

Today we are certain of only one thing—that we are not sure of anything, and the British, the French, the Italians, and the Western Germans are in their ways in the same dilemma.

It is practically impossible for political leaders of a country like this to attempt to reassure ordinary men and women in a time of danger with conceptions that are so involved that they cannot be understood, with diplomatic double talk, with statements that a war in which we have suffered 65,000 casualties must not be lost and cannot be won. Americans may be more temperamental or exuberant and less patient than the British, but they are endowed with common sense and a good memory. They recall the enthusiasm which pervaded the country when we appeared to have outwitted the Russians by plunging into Korea to rescue an almost unheard-of republic. They have not forgotten the passionate enthusiasm with which millions listened for the first time to long-winded debates in the United Nations in which Russia's Malik assumed the absurd role of an international villain whom our diplomats had cleverly outwitted.

IT may be charged against us that though we have the blood of all Europe in our veins we are not Europeans but Americans and that we have not the patience for the fine complexities and paradoxes of international diplomacy. If we are in a war we must insist, as we always have, on winning it. We are further insisting on asking why this or that must be so, if our reason tells us that the answer seems to be based on timidity or confusion. And this new debate in Congress and elsewhere must be clear and unequivocal. It will, in short, be a blessing to have it out in plain words. It will extend rapidly to other spheres where chaos reins. It will be far more likely to unite the country than to divide it.

We may learn also why we are so much disliked abroad, so that even the British press appears to question our motives, and why we cannot attempt to enlighten the countries which should be our comrades in danger and which accept as true the most hideous distortions of our way of life, our democracy, and our economic system. It is a fair assumption that this debate should take in a large part of the Western world. It is obvious that it is beginning in England, where the people are also restless; and it may be said that it never ends in France. Whatever the final answers, we want to hear them. We can endure anything in the light of knowledge and reason; we cannot be patient while we risk our lives and the future of humanity in the dark. —H. S.

Rider on a Wood Road

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

WHAT poem shall I write of my tall young daughter
riding alone at the hither edge of the dark
on a lost road through a tunnel of green trees
with the grass very green over forgotten ruts
and the wood lilies opening their scarlet maws at her
without sound, like little heraldic lions?
The horse that she rode was nearly black and smooth as
a tulip petal.
He lifted his feet lightly and looked about him with
widening nostrils
but there was not a sound to frighten him,
not even a thrush sang among the dark tree trunks.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An Intellectual Elite?

SIR: Edward R. Murrow ["A Problem in Equality," *SRL* Apr. 21] attacks the proposed deferments of college students on the grounds that (1) Government recognition of an intellectual elite is not in harmony with the American tradition of equality and (2) the plan fails to distinguish between the utility to the national welfare of the various fields—between, that is, the student of physics or medicine and the student of Sanskrit or French literature.

"We have never," says Mr. Murrow, "proceeded in this country on the basis of giving preference to an intellectual elite." Did not our Government condone the practice of hiring substitutes for Army duty during the Civil War? Then, it is true, the Government seemed to favor not so much an intellectual elite as an economic one. But in terms of "equality" the question is the same, as Mr. Murrow justly observes when he asks about the nineteen-year-old whose parents cannot afford to send him to college. In more recent years our Government has apparently helped to offer a refuge to many eminent European scientists and men of letters (always on the basis of a strict adherence to national quotas?) on the assumption that it is more valuable for the Einsteins and the Manns—"the citizens of better than average intelligence"—to think and write in peace and solitude than "to fight fires or to help pull the wounded from under buildings or try to stop the flow of blood." We have always talked more about equality than we have practised it. And surely Mr. Murrow is enough of a historian to realize that it is dangerous to speak of the American tradition so long as one is justified in replying, "Which one?"

As for the second point, more a matter of opinion perhaps, one might wonder to what extent our current emergency is the product of the sort of popular thinking that considers all the more human pursuits—literature, history, music, philosophy (ethics? logic?)—luxuries and hobbies of no practical or useful value. So long as we continue to think that we can have a permanent peace merely by building better bridges or developing more efficient styptic pencils then, it is very true, we shall continue to need bigger bridges to hold our heavier tanks and stronger drugs to stop the heavier flow of blood.

M. L. BEEBE.

Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: I found convincing Mr. Murrow's statements that the plan does not account for the nineteen-year-old whose parents cannot send him to college, that in theory at least a man might be deferred to study Aztec jewelry, and—most serious of all—that no man or test can predict whether a college freshman will make a worthwhile contribution to science. But it is when he begins to make generalizations and draw conclusions on these points that Mr. Murrow loses his way. His argument against the college draft deferment is based on a problem in equality. Equality in what? Equality should be considered in respect to the right of an individual to serve in his best capacity. The problem is how to give each young man an opportunity to fit himself into whichever job he will be able to fill most usefully.

For, as Mr. Murrow says, "their obligation to serve will not be canceled." And yet he goes on to add later in the article that "we would have to conclude that the citizen of better than average intelligence would have no obligation to fight fires or to help pull the wounded from under the buildings or try to stop the flow of blood." Such a statement is not only a non sequitur but it calls emotionally upon several images which have no place in his argument except to color it.

The young man with intellectual skills should have his chance to develop them for the service of his country just as surely as men of superior physical attainment are allowed to train as pilots in the Air Force. The problem is indeed one "in equality." But the question is how to give every young man an equal opportunity, not how to push him into a hypothetical mold that is labeled "Mr. Average American."

JOHN L. MEYER II.

Bayside, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Wesley will never have to worry about anything. His father owns the biggest spiral bustle factory in Philadelphia."

The Ironic Mr. Ace

SIR: Two or three weeks ago I read aloud one of Goodman Ace's witty articles [TV AND RADIO] to a group of non-*SRL* readers. Needless to say, they found it very amusing and have since been borrowing my copies or obtaining their own—by various methods I'd rather not go into. From Mr. Ace's column they have naturally ventured forth into the other fine material of your magazine. I have always commended the ironic Mr. Ace and would like him to know I may start a fan club with the money I get when I sell my TV set!

NED MACLEROY.

New York, N. Y.

Gide—The Genuine Article

SIR: When I read Henri Peyre's "Gide's 'Pure Novel'" [*SRL* Mar. 31] I was coincidentally in the process of living "The Counterfeiters." The novel struck me as being the genuine article, an authentic work of art which made the efforts of Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, et al. seem the mouthings of college freshmen. At the same time, however, there was something curiously unsatisfying and a little terrifying in what I considered Gide's shadowy approach to reality.

Now, thanks to Mr. Peyre, I realize that I typified what he calls the "lazy reader" and required only the succinct, lucid footnote which he has provided in order to realize—and with what intellectual excitement! — that "The Counterfeiters" is truly one of the world's greatest novels. A statement, perhaps, with which Mr. Peyre would hardly agree.

R. H. WOODFORD.

Honolulu, T. H.

Evan John on King John

SIR: Your review of Evan John's "Ride Home Tomorrow" [*SRL* Mar. 31] states that the role of historical novelist is a new one for him. This is surely not so. I remember his book about King John of England called, I think, "Crippled Splendor," which came out in the Thirties, and I have a strong feeling that he has written other historical novels—or perhaps romanticized histories.

R. N. B. BRETT-SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

AS NAMES, Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman lack luster. They sound average enough. They could belong to any housewives in or out of suburbia. To the historically minded, however, their fascination remains undimmed. With every good reason, too, since it was in these simple terms that England's Queen Anne and Sarah Churchill, better known as the first Duchess of Marlborough, addressed each other privately as proofs of their intimacy.

The Sarah Churchill who played at being Mrs. Freeman was a formidable figure. Her power was almost as great as that of her illustrious husband, whose victories earned him his title, made him indispensable to his sovereign, and won him his nation's gratitude. In Louis Kronenberger's phrase, she was "the most brilliant woman of her time." She may have overplayed her hand in insulting while serving her monarch. When she fell from royal favor, she may at the moment of her dismissal for once have humbled her pride by weeping and pleading in the presence of her Queen. But, as Mr. Kronenberger tells us in "Kings and Desperate Men," Sarah Churchill "feared nobody. She shied away from nothing. . . . She had an energy so boundless it must have appalled even her indefatigable husband. . . . [She] thought of herself as seated too high to fall and almost too high to rise." If she was feared, and feared with reason, it was because, more than being a power behind the throne, for several years she came close to being the ruler of Queen Anne.

The only time within my recollection that Marlborough's Sarah Churchill appeared behind New York footlights was some nine-and-a-half seasons back when, acted by Flora Robson, she was seen in a play called "Anne of England" which lasted briefly on Broadway. Of late, however, another Sarah Churchill has been with us; a young woman in whose veins flows the blood not only of "Mrs. Freeman" but of those many members of her family who have made English or world history from the days of the first Duke of Marlborough right down to those of the far more than Honorable Winston S. Churchill who just happens to be her father.

Last winter the present Sarah toured successfully in this country in a revival of Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story." Since then she has been in Hollywood working with Fred Astaire on "Royal Wedding." The stage (I mean the greasepaint stage as opposed to that other, larger stage upon which her forebears have so long played prominent dramatic parts) is no new-found interest for her. For fifteen years, indeed ever since she made her debut as a member of the chorus of a Cochran revue called "Follow the Sun," the theatre and the movies have absorbed her energies. Although Americans have seen her in such a British-made film as "Spring Meeting," it was not until "Gramercy Ghost,"* a feeble little farce about the embarrassments caused a girl living in contemporary New York by the shade of one of General Washington's Ragged Continentals, that Broadway theatregoers had had a chance to see today's Sarah Churchill.

Miss Churchill's assignment cannot have been an easy one. To make a name is hard enough; to carry a great one harder still. Even actors born to the purple within their profession start their careers handicapped rather than helped by what is supposed to be the advantage they enjoy. Ethel Barrymore must have suffered in this way on the opening night in Philadelphia of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." It was then that, faced with the ordeal of living up to her family in a city where they were famous and adored, she mumbled her way at the start, out of sheer nerves, until a gallery god encouraged her by crying out, "Speak up, Ethel! You Drews is all good actors!"

THE SAME agonizing experience must have been Fanny Kemble's on that late October evening in 1829 when the knock came on her dressing room door and she heard a voice saying, "Miss Kemble, call for the stage, ma'am." She was nineteen at the time and had virtually been impressed into playing Juliet, her first part, as a means of saving Covent Garden for her father, Charles Kemble, and recouping the family fortunes. The names she had to live up to were glorious ones. Her father was widely admired. Her uncle, John Philip Kemble, was one of the foremost players of his period. Then there was her Aunt Sarah, Mrs. Siddons to you and to me, of whom Hazlitt had said, "She raised Tragedy to the skies, and brought it down from thence. . . . She was Tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind." No wonder young Fanny Kemble's words were inaudible during the first act. Although

*GRAMERCY GHOST, a comedy by John Cecil Holm. Directed by Reginald Denham. Setting by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Roger Clark in association with Evan M. Frankel. With a cast including Sarah Churchill, Robert Sterling, Richard Waring, Robert Smith, Mabel Paige, Kirk Brown, etc. At the Morosco Theatre, New York City. Opened April 26, 1951.

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Sarah Churchill—"what kind of drama . . . would ever be truly Churchillian?"

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Book and Lyrics by
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Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
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MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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she gained confidence during the ballroom scene, it was not until her appearance on the balcony that she really found both her voice and herself. Thereafter the applause was deafening and the whole house, including Aunt Sarah in her box, knew that a real actress had emerged.

To be born to one of the theatre's royal families must be hard enough. But to be descended from public characters who have charted or are charting world events must be far more difficult. Although we have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, no organization exists to protect the children of presidents, statesmen, generals, or headliners in the realm of action from the eminence of their parents. They start out with the count against them if only because it appears to be so much in their favor. No matter how earnestly and honestly they seek to make their way, there will always be those eager to complain that their way was made for them. Number these offspring of the history-makers among the underprivileged privileged, or the privileged underprivileged. If Margaret Truman knows the cruel disadvantages no less than the advantages of having a President for a father, Sarah Churchill must also know the penalties as well as the perquisites which have fallen her way because of being descended from so distinguished a line and so great a father.

WHAT playgoers expect of Miss Churchill merely because she is Miss Churchill, is chilling to contemplate. Do they feel cheated if she does not enter smoking a cigar and wearing a siren suit? Do they assume that when she opens her mouth she will utter deathless words about "we will fight on the beaches"; look like John Bull himself while getting off defiant jokes about "some chicken, some neck"; or speak cadences worthy of Gibbon and Burke in the most mesmerizing lisp known to history? What kind of drama, what kind of part, could she hope to find that would ever be truly Churchillian?

Beyond all doubt "Gramercy Ghost" was not such a play. Not Mr. Churchill, not the lovely Mrs. Churchill, not the beautiful Jennie Jerome, who shone for her young son "like the Evening Star," not Lord Randolph, not the first Duke of Marlborough or his high-voltaged Duchess —in truth, not Ethel Barrymore, Fanny Kemble, and most decidedly not Mrs. Siddons could have saved the farce in which the contemporary Sarah was appearing.

Miss Churchill nonetheless did very nicely as an American in a script which gave her little or no help. It

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ETHEL GRIFFIES · KENT SMITH
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Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
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EVES. 8:40, MATS. WED. & SAT.

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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON · ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
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may have been surprising to hear her turn against the Redcoats and endorse the Spirit of 1776 with such conviction, but perhaps this was her Jerome blood speaking. Certainly, it was unexpected to have her announce that she had been born in Youngstown, Ohio. Miss Churchill's English, however, is on the whole standard English, and British only at a few moments to which she is more than entitled. If she shows the effects of an austerity diet, her figure is lovely, her face charming when it lights up in a smile, and her profile patrician beyond mistaking. She has, too, a kind of modest authority and an agreeable deftness at farce.

No player could have concealed the lacks of "Gramercy Ghost" and unquestionably any number of actresses could have played Miss Churchill's part with equal competence. The point beyond settling is what we would have thought of her if her name had been Mary Smith. That we would have appreciated everything she was doing with intelligence and skill in a workmanlike way to a part and a play unfortunately beyond salvation, I do not doubt. Yet of this I am confident. Billed as Mary Smith, she would not have so captured the attention of those who saw her or had to fight against such odds as she did as Sarah Churchill. But who would not face such odds cheerfully to have had such a father!

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 412

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 412 will be found in the next issue.

ZAGDX YDSCTUA LIA

XTSC, HEL LV RSMA EW

ACLIEXSGXJ YDSCTUAX

LIA XVEU.

—XGJEAU EUUJGC.

Answer to Crypt No. 411

Let each man search his conscience and search his speeches.
—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

SRL Goes to the Movies

SONGBIRDS THREE

IT WOULD be hard to find a more convincing reminder that indigenous movie comedy has all but withered away than "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye's latest marshmallow sundae. The young man with the rubber face was this generation's white hope for a while. It was admitted that he was no Chaplin, Keaton, or Lloyd but he was zany in a fresh and likable way, and in one respect he was the superior of all others who came before him: he had a voice. This voice was capable of an astonishing range, particularly in song. Danny shrieked and bellowed and whispered and sobbed, and those stylized numbers of his usually had some satiric base that was both pointed and laugh-provoking. You saw some of this in the first two or three extravaganzas Hollywood framed him in; but you see almost none of that kind of thing in "On the Riviera" (Twentieth Century-Fox). This machine-made compendium of dressed-up banalities has submerged poor Danny, though now and then he gives a twitch that reminds you of what he once was.

You can almost see the hacks in conference whipping up the new Kaye special. There's this glamorous French aviator who has just made the fastest round-the-world flight in history. His last stop is on the Riviera. Now this aviator has a beautiful wife (Gene Tierney), but lots of other dames are nuts about him, so he doesn't concentrate as he should on the wife. Well, then, there's this other guy, just an ordinary American night-club singer—he's playing an engagement on the Riviera with his luscious, loving partner (Corinne Calvet), who discovers he's a dead ringer for the glamorous Frenchman.

Now the fireworks begin. The night-club singer pretends to be the Frenchman (an easy matter since both are Danny Kaye), the girls keep getting confused and unconfused as to which is which, and one of them—the wife—wonders if after a particularly satisfying night if—horror, horror, horror! Could it be? No, the production code intervenes and straightens it all out. A waste of talent!

If I was made unhappy by the Danny Kaye picture, I was worried by "The Great Caruso," not so much by what took place on the screen as by the thought that the juke boxes of the land will in all likelihood very shortly be blaring forth the songs as sung by Mario Lanza at all hours of the day and night. First we'll hear "The Thing," then "Celeste Aïda," then "The Thing," then "Celeste Aïda," and so on.

"The Great Caruso" is hardly a movie at all, more in the nature of an animated album of familiar operatic airs and scenes. Certainly it is not a biography of the great lamented tenor, for, although some real names are used and although Dorothy Caruso's biography is supposed to have suggested what story there is, I could find very few parallels. The Italian roles are spoken throughout, whether the action occurs in Italy or this country, in broken dialect of the "no spika da Englise" type, and that Caruso—absolutely the warmest, greatest guy who ever lived. However, I suppose "The Great Caruso" won't do anyone any real harm. But in Italy they'll probably ban it.

AND now that I've got these two latest products of Hollywood's genius out of the way I can in good conscience speak of a movie that in every way struck me as a gem of artistry and taste. This is a Czech film called "The Emperor's Nightingale," which may be hard to find since it will probably not be widely booked. I should think, however, that it would be worth any amount of effort to view this charming, ingenious adaptation of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, and you might very well want to make it a family affair, since children of all age groups have been found to react pleasantly to it.

The film is largely the work of the Czech artist Jiri Trnka, who with only a few production assistants labored for two years to bring it to fruition. There are a few live actors, but the largest part of the film has for its characters as wonderful a group of stringless puppets as I've ever seen. These puppets are seeming miracles; in size probably no more than six or seven inches high. On the screen they appear much larger, large enough for you to be able to see tears coursing down the little Chinese emperor's cheeks. And you will see Clang, the Ruler of Routine, clap his cymbals; you will see the Lord High Chamberlain look surprised, shocked, and sycophantic. It's all done in stop-motion photography, and I don't think it is mentioning a secret to say that forty heads had to be provided for the emperor in order to manage his changes of expression.

It is only long patience and willing exactitude that can achieve this kind

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of film. You may find the pace deliberate and seldom varied, but the conscious slowing down of motion gives you the chance to take in all the details of costuming and background.

The music composed by Vaclan Trajan blends perfectly with the visual material; Phyllis McGinley has provided a simple and tasteful English narration. Boris Karloff, of all people, is the narrator and a good one. There are marvels in "The Emperor's Nightingale"; there is also meaning and perhaps very relevant allegory in it, too.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

The Emperor's Nightingale: Reviewed in this issue.

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico as far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia, thrillingly photographed by 16mm. amateur camera, and narrated with great dry wit by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

TV and Radio

THE OLD RATE RACE—III

THOSE who may have read the first two chapters in this vital series on how the Hooper and the Nielsen surveys measure the number of people listening to radio and television may have gotten the mistaken idea that I think these surveys are ridiculous. That is an honest mistake, and I'm glad you got it.

There are 41,000,000 families with radios. Mr. Nielsen has a gadget which he installs in a radio and it records the listening habits of that family. Obviously he doesn't install 41,000,000 gadgets in all the radios, but he does install a fair and equitable number to represent those 41,000,000 families. That fair and equitable number, according to Mr. Nielsen, is 1,500. In television, where the number of families with sets is considered to be 11,500,000, he installs 350 of his gadgets. Now, 1,500 to represent 41,000,000 and 350 to represent 11,500,000 may appear at first glance to be ridiculous. But a second glance will prove it.

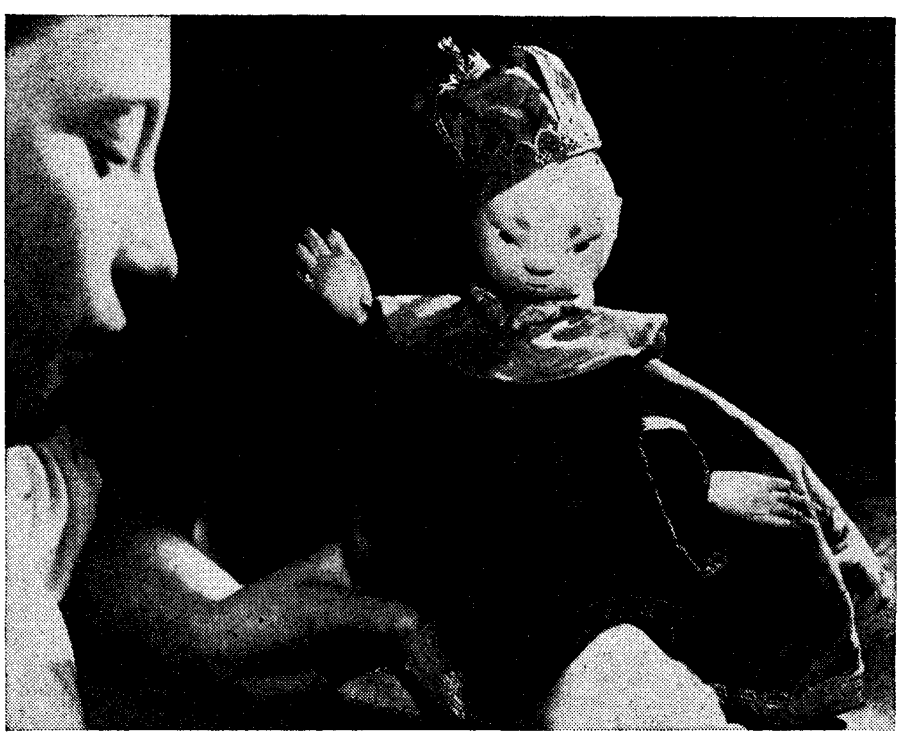
These surveys come out every other week or so in a booklet which Mr. Nielsen sells mostly to the networks and to advertising agencies. They are not for sale at your corner newsstand, and even if they were you wouldn't want to buy them there, because if you subscribe to them by the year they're much cheaper — running around $100,000 a year if you happen to be a network and a little cheaper if you are an advertising agency.

On the day the booklet appears in the offices of the networks and the advertising agencies big business executives, fortified with triple bromides and ulcer pills, grab feverishly for the Nielsens; shaky but highly manicured fingers trace down the column of figures to learn the fate of the program in which they are vitally concerned. Here it is—up 2.2 points! Up 2.2 to a rating of 21.3—the high for the season! Word is flashed around the office—account executives are called in—drop work, secretaries, everything — telephone the sponsor and tell him the program went up 2.2 points to a high rating of 21.3. The producer of the program is awakened at his home and told the good news—the director is notified—the star of the program is congratulated—the announcer, the sound man, all share in the great and glorious news. The program is now 21.3—a new high!

NOW a rating of 21.3 in radio is about as high a rating as any program attains these days. So let us examine what actually has happened. There are 1,500 gadgets in the radio sets; 21.3 per cent of the 1,500 gadgets have recorded that they were turned to that program. In other words 319 people heard it. Ring out the good news to one and all: the program went up 2.2 points—thirty-three more people listened to it this week than listened to it last week, making a grand total of 319. Of course 1,189 out of the 1,500 didn't listen, but that's negative thinking—21.3 is good enough. Call up the sponsor—wake up the producer, etc.

Suppose that shaky, highly manicured finger travels down that column of figures and discovers that the rating has gone down 2.2 points. What happens now? Call in the account executives—wake up the producer—get hold of the star—the announcer—the sound man—send out for bicarb—let's get organized here. Thirty-three listeners were lost last week. This indicates a trend. We'll have to start looking for a new program.

And more often than not a new program is substituted for the program which does not get a good rating or which can't hold the rating it does get. And therein lies the havoc and disaster which the ratings have wrought in radio. The rating system singlehandedly has brought radio to the low state which it now enjoys and



Puppeteer and puppet from "The Emperor's Nightingale"—"forty heads for the emperor."

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is rapidly bringing television to a state equally as low. Programs are judged almost solely by their ratings. Because of the ratings a new, fresh, well-written, well-produced program has little or no chance if it doesn't garner a high Nielsen. With one or two courageous exceptions, if a program has run thirteen weeks and has a small rating—or maybe twenty-six and in some rare cases thirty-nine weeks and the rating is still small—the program is dropped and marked No Sale. One of the best comedy programs of radio, "Fibber McGee and Molly," spent several years being developed on a Chicago station before it hit the networks, because the sponsor and the advertising agency had faith in it and rating didn't matter. But sponsors these days and advertising agencies and networks are not that patient. On with the big rating shows, and may the devil take the hindmost.

There was a time when a sponsor went into radio to sell his product. I know of one show which never attained a high rating but increased its sponsor's business by his own figures 900 per cent. The man at the Nielsen office with whom I spoke about this phenomenon patiently explained that a radio program is supposed to get its sponsor a large group of people to whom he could expose his product. He likened it, and quite cleverly I thought, to a man with a banjo on a street corner. He plays to attract a crowd and then tries to sell his product. If a man with another banjo appearing on a corner across the street plays better than the first man with the banjo he'll attract a bigger crowd and so have more people to whom he can sell his product. To which I replied, and quite cleverly I thought, suppose the man with the smaller audience sells more of his product to the few people he has gathered in front of him than the man with the big crowd sells to the people he has been entertaining with his better playing—what is wrong there?

"In that case," he replied, "the man with the bigger crowd needs a better sales-talk."

And he's right. In radio the sales-talk on a program is read by an announcer. That sales-talk is written by an advertising agency. If the crowd listening to the program doesn't buy the product then why is it the sponsor hardly ever fires the advertising agency but almost always fires the man with the banjo?

It's an interesting question, isn't it? Some day some sponsor may come up with an interesting answer. Until then I think I'll take down my old banjo and tune it up. I haven't played it since I hawked Jell-O unsuccessfully for too few weeks some three years ago.

—Goodman Ace.

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 21*)

reins, the tone-deaf children's musical career under the wavering aegis of tipsy Mr. Harmon. What with sea captains as neighbors and boats from the seven seas as harbor visitors life in the lichened salt-box was a thing of suspenseful gaiety and poetic charm. I wish, though, that I knew what became of the little father who wasn't there.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

MY HEART REMEMBERS. By William Addleman Ganoe. Thomas Y. Crowell. $3. This is a warm, delightful memoir, to be remembered for its heartening picture of a family sustained by love through a variety of vicissitudes and that of a gallant woman of unfaltering faith. More than a little of it one guesses must be autobiographical, for its author, now retired from the Army, was the son of a Methodist minister and grew up in the Pennsylvania country which he describes.

The story of the Vernes is told in the first person by Willie, the only son. He remembers his family first sometime in the 1880's in the little town of Williamsburg, where his Papa had been sent "to repair the damage to the Methodist souls" whose previous shepherd "had had a passion for the Bible and whiskey, and had tried not to be partial to either." Papa was not a success in Williamsburg, and the family soon were moved to Sunbury, pleasant, friendly town on the Susquehanna. There Mother coped with the parishioners and Papa with the church debt. Five years later the Vernes were again transferred, this time to Shamokin, a town marked by material wealth and violent contrasts in living conditions. It was here, through no fault of their own, that tragedy was to overtake them.

It is the spirit of the dauntless, pretty, and energetic mother which animates this heartwarming story of a family struggle. Willie, always hoping that his overworked and adored mother could spare just a little more time for him alone, gentle Amy, so shy with other people but confident and at ease with the horses which she loved, the earnest, devoted father—all were dependent on the driving, vital spirit of the woman who charmed everyone from the tramp at the back door to the presiding bishop.

Gaiety, courage, fortitude are the highlights of this family chronicle. The comedies and tragedies which beset any family are all here, not overplayed but certainly not understated, and with them some highly original complications. If there were more Mrs. Vernes in this world it would be a great thing for all of us.

—Pamela Taylor.

JOSEPH SPENCE: A Critical Biography. By Austin Wright. University of Chicago Press. $4. The life of the "amiable Mr. Spence" is the sedate progress of an eighteenth-century gentleman; with his moderate talents and industry he earned a moderate reputation as a scholar, a moderate career as a clergyman, and an immoderate reputation (after his death) as an anecdotist. In this last role he compiled the collection of *dicta* by those people he met in Eng-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LOOK BACK ON MURDER *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Frances Hoyt, driving in New England hills, stops to scan view—sees distant shooting. Village police scoff; state police move in on crime-web dating from Revolution.	Original and plausible, with only occasional overwriting to mar easily moving style. More heroine obfuscation of plot—but state police take her in stride.	Interesting murder "under the elms"
TO LOVE AND BE WISE *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.75)	California photographer Leslie Searle, whose attractiveness has upset rancid literary set of English village, vanishes—causing Inspector Grant to delve deeply into strange loves.	Delicate depravity amid the virtuosities of radio and writing success; nicely authentic British countryside. The Inspector is quite an artist in this ballet of human folly.	Witty and compassionate

—Kathleen Sproul.

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land and abroad whom he thought important and colorful. Foremost among them was Alexander Pope, whom he knew loyally, almost adoringly, for the last sixteen years of the poet's life. During that time he listened, questioned, and carefully jotted down what he heard. He was thus Pope's Boswell, but he left only the raw materials called the "Anecdotes," which were finally printed in 1820. So much of the literary history of the eighteenth century rests on gossip that Spence's collection is especially valuable; it is pedigree gossip, most of it legitimate.

Professor Wright has diligently gone through masses of records and manuscripts and skilfully woven from them a fairly complete biography. He stays close to his sources; and if Spence does not blaze with life it is not the fault of his biographer, who has rubbed together whatever sticks he could find. The "critical" sections of his book are also useful, especially his analysis of the history and veracity of the "Anecdotes." Until now Spence's name has so often occurred in the biographies of men of letters that there is justice at least in allotting one to him. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

LET CANDLES BE BROUGHT IN. By the Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Shakespeare. Macdonald & Co. New York. $4.50. "No one is likely to write my biography," declares Sir Geoffrey, so he has written an autobiography and a most engaging one. The title is the old parliamentary injunction for illumination—"if I have thrown more light on the political history of our times," he says, "I shall have achieved my purpose." He does and he has.

Here are the great between-wars figures of Britain and of Europe, most of whom were involved also in War I or War II or both. They are presented not in formal portraits but in snapshots—lively and revealing glimpses. David Lloyd George receives major attention, for the author was once his secretary. Sir Geoffrey got about; his story moves briskly because he was always moving briskly himself, and he saw and noted to excellent purpose.

The reader is naturally curious about the author's name, and Sir Geoffrey satisfies that curiosity in his final chapter. He is descended from the grandfather of the poet-actor-playwright. Entering the British Embassy in Athens one day he gave his name to the Greek caretaker, who inquired: "Your father, William, is he dead?" Latter-day Shakespeareans are hardy survivors; Sir Geoffrey's mother is now eighty-eight; her father took the pledge at ninety-three, backslid at ninety-four, and was cut off at ninety-seven. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

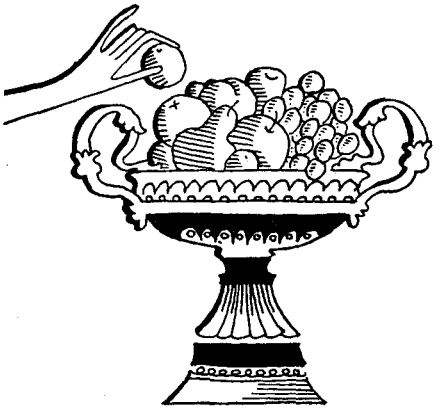
IDEAS & MEN

(*Continued from page* 13)

require a special kind of justification. The author, an English theologian, believes that "the melancholy Dane in whom Hamlet was mastered by Christ," as someone has said of him, is one of the outstanding figures of modern thought and that everyone should have some acquaintance with him and through him receive a new challenge to live the Christian life. Since the original writings are both voluminous and amorphous such acquaintance has not been easy.

Dr. Martin accordingly offers his little book to meet this need. In it he traces the life and thought of Kierkegaard and adds two interesting chapters, one on the growth of Kierkegaard's reputation and another on the relationship between Kierkegaard's views and Roman Catholicism. The book is short, but it has the merit of an unusual clarity and thus serves as a good introduction to its subject.

THE SOCIAL AND BIOLOGICAL CHALLENGE OF OUR AGING POPULATION. Columbia University Press. $2.75. This book contains the Proceedings of the Eastern States Health Education Conference held in the spring of 1949, one of a series sponsored by the New York Academy of Medicine. Everybody knows by now, of course, that we have in the USA an aging population, that in 1890 4.5 per cent of the population was sixty and over, that in 1940 the figure was 10.4 per cent, and that in 1975 the percentage will be larger still. These simple demographic facts have attracted the attention of physician and sociologist alike and have given rise to a new science of geriatrics. The papers in the present volume were contributed by experts in demography, medicine, and sociology, and they achieve a high level of competence and interest. The problem is viewed throughout, in the words of one of the contributors, not only as one of "adding years to the life of the individual, but life to the years."



MODERN PHILOSOPHERS. By Howard C. McElroy. Russel F. Moore Co., New York. $4. This relatively short book on philosophy has little to recommend it. The author, who is a professor at the University of Pittsburgh, has attempted to deal only with the philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but the organization of his treatment requires him to ignore a number of writers in this time period and, on the other hand, to explain the views of several earlier figures. His sketches of each are brief and his evaluations for the most part are orthodox. His indulgence in slang may be a little too frequent for the taste of the usual philosophic reader, his accounts sometimes suffer from repetition, and his sentences are undistinguished by anything which might bear a resemblance to literary style. In addition—and these defects must be attributed to the publisher—the book is a golden treasury of typographical errors, extending in at least one instance to transposed lines.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND. Edited by Peter Laslett. Macmillan. $1. For only one dollar the American reader can discover in this book what some of the world's leading scientists know about the human brain. At no extra cost he can read an evaluation of this knowledge by three eminent philosophers, who assess its significance as a present or potential solution to the problem of the human mind. The English reader, more fortunate, has already enjoyed this treat as an experiment in broadcasting over the BBC. The scientists who gave the talks include two physiologists (both Nobel Laureates), Sir Charles Sherrington and E. D. Adrian, two anatomists, Le Gros Clark and S. Zuckerman, a psychiatrist, E. T. O. Slater, and two neurosurgeons, W. Russell Brain and Wilder Penfield. The philosophers are Viscount Samuel, A. J. Ayer, and Gilbert Ryle. It is a splendid little symposium and one which does honor to the contributors, to the editor, to the BBC, and to radio broadcasting itself.

KIERKEGAARD THE CRIPPLE. By Theodor Haecker. Translated by C. Van O. Bruyn. Philosophical Library. $2.75. From the pen of Theodor Haecker, the German anti-Nazi theologian whose "Journal in the Night" was recently reviewed in this place, we have now another posthumous work. And a curious work it is. It

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appears that a Danish scholar named Rikard Magnussen published in 1942 a two-volume study of Kierkegaard, in which he disclosed for the first time a fact which was apparently unknown to all of the commentators and which Kierkegaard himself concealed under the most opaque of references, namely, that the subject of his study was a hunchback. Magnussen did more. He found in this deformity the source of Kierkegaard's melancholy and a tentative explanation of some of the major and still mystifying events of Kierkegaard's life (especially the broken engagement with Regine Olsen), and he intimated in addition that this was the "thorn in the flesh" which pierced the mind and shaped the character of Kierkegaard's thought.

Haecker, who, although a Catholic convert, regards Kierkegaard as the greatest Dane who ever lived and as among the greatest of men, discusses Magnussen's thesis here and is inclined to support it but only in part. It is a somewhat tortured analysis, because to concede too much influence to the body over the mind or spirit is to give too many hostages to a hated materialism.

THE DISCOURSES OF NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI. Edited and translated by Leslie J. Walker, S.J. Yale University Press. Two volumes, $15. This beautiful and impressive piece of scholarship undoubtedly represents the definitive edition of Machiavelli's Discourses. Volume one contains analytical tables of contents, a long introduction by the translator—itself a treatise on Machiavelli's life and works — and the translation of the three books of the Discourses themselves. Volume two is made up of extensive notes on the books, chronological tables of the events mentioned by Machiavelli, genealogical tables of the family Machiavelli (or "Maclavellorum") and of the houses of Aragon and Naples, Medici, Visconti, and Sforza, a table of all authors and works mentioned in the Discourses, a list of Machiavelli's factual mistakes, an index of all of the persons directly or indirectly referred to in the text, and a comprehensive subject index.

The editor and translator is dean and senior tutor of Campion Hall, Oxford University. His introduction gains an unusual interest from the fact that he is a Jesuit and must therefore repudiate almost all of Machiavelli's moral and political principles. Such scholarship as this is rare indeed, and the book is an important addition to the series of Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science now being prepared under the general editorship of W. Stark of the University of Edinburgh. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

WHO READS WHAT & WHY?

(*Continued from page* 8)

five or six times larger today. Despite the general and pervasive impact of mass culture today, it is altogether likely that there is just as large and hard a core of serious readers today as there ever was. I personally believe it is larger and that it will grow with increases in popular education.

Assumption: that the competition of the mass media of communication is crowding out the book. Now that the book business has survived price cutting, book clubs, quarter books, and high manufacturing costs the new menace is television. A generation ago it was radio. Here again the broad assumption is too gross to fit the facts. In some ways the different media are in competition, in other ways not. In the first place book readers are more active users of the other media (except perhaps radio-television) than the non-readers. They read more newspapers, they see more films, they read more magazines. Secondly, the kind of person who is attracted to serious reading is not ordinarily the kind distracted by the nature of much of the mass media content. Third, there is a considerable amount of intermedia stimulation — some people read the book after they have seen the film adapted from it or have read a magazine condensation. Fourth, in general intermedia relations show a supplementary rather than complementary pattern; people who read books about, say, politics are also likely to listen to discussions of politics on the air and read about it in magazines and newspapers. Or again: the readers of better books are likely to be listeners to serious radio. Finally, there is a sort of reverse competition in operation, in that book readers are found relatively often among the critics of the other media. They are more likely than non-readers to be dissatisfied with the radio or with the movies or with their newspapers. Not only is their better education responsible for this tendency; their book reading probably helps to sustain their critical faculties against the flood.

A word on the effect of TV. It is too early, in my judgment, to say anything definitive about the impact of television on book reading. Most studies to date do show that television owners read fewer books than non-owners. It is not completely clear, however, that this is altogether due to television itself; they may have read less or differently before. More important, it is not clear yet just how book reading will be affected over a long period by the kind of television content that is now available. Once the novelty wears off, assuming that the content remains at the present level, television may affect book reading as little as radio does. And, of course, we do not yet know what will happen to the book reading of a generation raised on television. If television content improves considerably it may affect book reading rather more. So far it does seem to have cut down the gross amount of book reading, though probably it will not affect the reading of quality books.

Assumption: that "the American public" reads poor books or, alternately, that it reads good books. This assumption also comes both ways. For example, at the same time Henry Seidel Canby was claiming to have discovered that "the intelligent interest of the American public had been grossly underestimated by publishers and advertisers," Edmund Wilson concluded that the popularity of Lloyd Douglas "is something to give pause to anyone who may have supposed that the generation of Mencken had lifted the taste of the American public above the level of Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright." Again, it is necessary to point out that the substance of both these observations may be true for different groups of readers or even for the same people at different times, although neither statement is correct as it stands. At the risk of being tiresome one must insist upon differentiating within "the American public," upon recognizing the complexity of the actual reading picture.

This particular question is further complicated by lack of agreement upon the standards by which quality is to be judged. If by "poor books" we

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mean light fiction of the adventure, Western, romance, and mystery type, then at least 60 per cent of adult book reading qualifies as "poor" (although the data on this are not too clear). If by "good books" we mean recognized classics and highly regarded contemporary writing of a serious sort then perhaps 10 to 15 per cent of book reading is "good." A couple of years ago a well-known librarian claimed for the ALA's list of "Notable Books" that it was "representative of what people the country over are reading." The list included such titles as Bush's "Modern Arms and Free Men," Bemis's "John Quincy Adams and the Foundation of American Foreign Policy," Kluckhohn's "Mirror for Man," and Welty's "Golden Apples"; the best sellers for that year included such titles as Douglas's "The Big Fisherman," Waltari's "The Egyptian," Keyes's "Dinner at Antoine's," a Costain, a Yerby, and the Zoo and Canasta books.

Put it this way: book reading in this country varies in quality as widely as do the books themselves. Much of the reading involves books whose quality does not justify any particular consideration just because the pages are bound inside a hard cover. More fiction is read than non-fiction (especially by women) and more "light" fiction than "heavy." There is a substantial core of "good readers." And the more formal education, the more likely one is to be a good reader.

Assumption: that people read what interests them. Of course subject interest is a major factor in the selection of reading matter, especially if other things are equal. However, they are not always equal or not often so, and thus other influences come into play. Notable among them is the factor of accessibility, which determines some of what all of us read (*The National Geographic* in the dentist's waiting room) and a great deal of what some people read. Books that are handy are read more frequently than those even a little hard to get, especially for that large group of people who "just want something interesting." Books that are delivered to the house, for example, have a better chance to be read than books that have to be brought from the library or the bookstore. People who live close to a public library read more books than people who live some blocks away. Books that are easily accessible within a library—for example, on the "interesting books" shelf—are read more than books not so easily accessible—for example, on the bottom shelf of a dark stack. Books the public or rental librarian "pushes" are read more than others.

Another factor is readability. Experts tell us that for many people there simply are no readable books on subjects of interest to them. Then there is the great effect of social pressure, felt even when not articulated. People read what other people around them are reading; in a sense they are "forced" to read certain books in order to be up-to-date in bookish conversations. If everybody around you is reading "The Disenchanted" or "The Far Side of Paradise" you don't have to be particularly interested in F. Scott Fitzgerald to read them, too — you "have to" read them as a matter of self-protection, if nothing else. Sometimes the social pressure generates interest, but even when it does not it can stimulate the reading of particular titles. In any case the motives for reading are extremely complex and in many instances interest is not the determining factor.

THERE are other assumptions commonly made about book reading, particularly about their effects upon individuals and the society, but we cannot go into them here. For example, there is the assumption that "reading maketh the full man" — which is probably true only for a very few readers since the rest read rather narrowly in terms of subject or form. Or there is the assumption that book reading makes people into good citizens by informing them about current affairs—which is probably true only for a minority of the readers of political books, since most readers are deliberately reinforcing their own political viewpoints. Or there is the assumption that books have had great effects directly upon large classes of readers, as in Mark Twain's charge that the state of the South was attributable to the reading of Walter Scott or in Archibald MacLeish's assertion that the "distrustful" state of mind of a whole generation could be laid at the door of the World War I novelists. Actually "the books that have changed our minds" (of the Freud-Marx-Darwin variety) have their major effects in an indirect and remote fashion upon people who have never read them and often hardly heard of them.

The general moral of this tale, then, is that the state of popular reading is complicated, uneven, shifting, sometimes obscure. The broad generalizations in terms of which the subject is usually discussed are simply not appropriate to a serious, realistic view of it. Although it is more fun that way, it is more correct to pay some respect to the accumulated evidence, such as it is, and hence to take account of the actual differentiation which characterizes the state of popular reading today.

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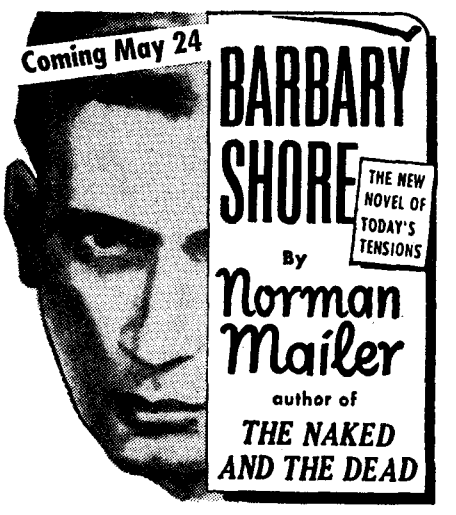

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

ly though loved, his death closes the book. Cailini, his buddy, cracks under the pressures of combat. Adams, the young, sensitive, and fearful musician in the squad, is corrupted and destroyed by Tuthill, the squad's evil character. Tuthill, himself, is seen as having been corrupted and destroyed long before the war. And the destinies of all the others are worked out in greater or less detail.

All of this is presented through scenes of action and conflict that are intensely readable and persuasive. We believe that these men were this way and felt these things under fire. Unfortunately, our concern goes little beyond that. I think the fault lies in the lack of clear projection by Mr. Leveridge of a central purpose in telling us their story. Lacking this, his novel becomes merely another highly competent war novel in a period that has seen a large number of such products equally competent. It is to be hoped his undoubted craftsmanship will be used in more directed and arresting fashion in his future work.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

"THE IMPUDENT RIFLE." By Dick Pearce. Lippincott. $3. People all called it "the charnel house of the Army." An isolated post on the Arkansas frontier, Fort Gibson under the command of sadistic Major Traut lived up to its reputation. Few military establishments in Andrew Jackson's day could boast ownership of a "wooden horse." On this medieval torture device Major Traut broke spirits and bodies for the sheer pleasure it afforded him. Into this wilderness paradise came the brash young owner of "the impudent rifle," Lieutenant Philip Ashton Royall, fresh from military academy and Washington's gay society. Under Traut's tyranny Philip hoped to find his true self. (A futile search if ever there was one.) Also at Gibson is young Beth and her father, Governor Sprague, recently appointed to supervise the Choctaw migration, which is surreptitiously being undermined by the evil Frank Ollers. Present, too, are kindly Dr. Clausen and beautiful Harriet Ollers, Frank's daughter and the apple of Traut's eye. While Traut and Ollers are conspiring against Sprague and the War Department, Philip manages to survive the rigors of a lumber detail, repel an Indian attack, uncover the unholy Ollers-Traut alliance, win the hearts of Beth and Harriet, and rescue five hundred Indians from death and starvation. A noble record for an inexperienced young lieutenant!

By its nature the material of Mr. Pearce's story is colorful and absorbing, especially details of the situation that then existed among the Indian tribes of the Southwest Territory. But this is underplayed for the sake of stereotyped melodrama and romance. Although adept at handling his action scenes, the author fails to describe his hero's inner conflicts with conviction. —Joseph M. Grant.

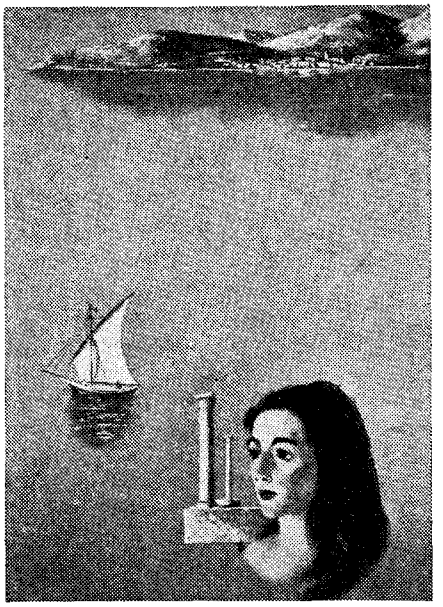
PROUD NEW FLAGS. By F. Van Wyck Mason. Lippincott. $3. Having "done" the American Revolution in four rousing historical novels, Mr. Mason here begins his second tetralogy, this one to deal with the lively and crucial but little-known history of Naval warfare between North and South during the Civil War.

"Proud New Flags," which covers the years 1861-1862, is told from the Confederate point of view, its action ranging from Baltimore and Norfolk to Cuba and New Orleans. Mr. Mason has clearly done an immense amount of homework in resurrecting the tactical valors and strategical errors of the South, and his accounts of the *Norfolk* scuttling, the blockade-running of the CSS *Sumter,* and the Mississippi exploits of the ram *Manassas* make the pulse skip with excitement. Especially vivid and vital is his swirling description of the Confederate clash with Farragut off New Orleans.

The story which holds the great action together is the usual Mason melange of sex, period detail, and suspense. Hero Lieutenant Samuel Seymour survives cannon balls and equally aggressive women with remarkable good fortune. The latter, described in the author's customarily determined mammary style, include the hero's sister-in-law Sylvia of the "sherry-gold eyes," the Creole beauty Louise, a wild Cuban dancer named Coralita, and Kitty, a freckle-nosed widow. The agility of these Southern ladies in jumping through their hooped skirts is something wondrous to behold.

His fans, however, will revel in the boisterous goings-on, both boudoir and Naval. And just to insure the liveliness of the proceedings the author includes a second major love story that involves theft, shipwreck, and abduction. Mr. Mason's tetralogy is well launched. —Charles Lee.

MERIDIAN. By Aura Ginieres Watson. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Mrs. Watson is a young woman of Greek parentage raised in New England, who offers in this first novel the fruits of her return to Greece for some years after the war. The Greece she shows



—Jacket by William Barss from "Meridian."

to us is torn by the conflict between a corrupt, propped-up Government and the Communist partisans of the hills. UNRRA had filled warehouses with food and goods, allowed to rot or diverted—to suit speculators. Now UNRRA is withdrawing, and "Uncle Harry" Truman is offering his blessing and help.

This Greece is disclosed to us, briefly, in the events of a single day. But it is a singular day, encompassing the death of the Greek King and the execution of a Communist partisan leader without the trial he was supposed to have. This youthful Communist hero, Ion, though not present in these pages, is the link binding the several characters.

There are Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the Americans who run a private school. Ion had taught there, and it was Mr. Crawford who had felt the reluctant duty to give up Ion to the police. There is Melena, of good family, whose lover Ion had been. Now she is going to marry the wealthy, handsome Greek aristocrat who approves the summary execution. There is Dr. Cassidy, who loves Melena and who faces departure from Greece with a sense of emptiness that perhaps only Mrs. Crawford can match. And there is the servant girl Lisa, whose lover meets an execution more cruel than Ion's.

We see, through Mrs. Watson, a country distraught and corrupted. We are given little illumination concerning this vexed state of affairs and little insight into the nature of the movement which the idealized Ion represents. Mrs. Watson has a talent which is not altogether mature in style or content at present. This is very young writing, but it is earnest and promises better things.

—Edmund Fuller.

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NEW EDITIONS

THE SECOND, revised edition of "Constitutional Problems Under Lincoln" (University of Illinois Press, $4.50), by J. G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, provides most interesting reading at a time when the President and the Congress of the United States are locked in a passionate debate regarding the powers possessed by the executive and legislative branches of our Government. Mr. Randall's carefully documented study, first published in the good old days of 1926 when Calvin the Silent graced the White House, demonstrates beyond doubt that Lincoln, "who stands forth in popular conception as a great democrat, the exponent of liberty and of government by the people, was driven by circumstances to the use of more arbitrary power than perhaps any other President has seized." He used his executive authority to proclaim martial law, to suspend the sacred privilege of *habeas corpus*, to enlarge the military forces of the United States without regard to legal limitations, to spend public funds without Congressional appropriations, to usurp judicial as well as legislative functions, and to engage "in a scheme of state-making for the purposes of reconstruction." Indeed, for a time his actions resulted in a virtual suspension of the rule of law. When Wilson confronted problems somewhat similar to those that plagued Lincoln he chose to act for the most part with Congressional authorization, but Lincoln's "most conspicuous acts were without legislative authority." That his course did not result in a lasting loss of popular liberties was due largely to his own character; but it is all too clear that the upshot might have been very different if the President himself had been a different man. He created a precedent, but there can be no doubt that it is a dangerous one and one that should never be cited either with approval or disapproval without full realization that he was engaged not only in war but in a civil war—that he was in the terrible position of being the chief executive of only a portion of a sundered nation.

Readers who would understand the historical process that gradually forced North and South into civil war will find some good hunting in Frederick Jackson Turner's fragmentary, unfinished "The United States 1830-1850: The Nation and Its Sections," first published in 1935 and now reissued by Peter Smith ($5). As one follows Turner's study of sectionalism in the United States down to the end of Polk's Administration (the chapter on Taylor's Administration and the Compromise of 1850 was never written) one notes the slow weakening of the forces that long prevented a final break between the slaveholding and the free states and the slow consolidation of the old sectional pattern into the two great, irreconcilable, embattled sections of North and South. One is reminded, too, that the Eighteen-thirties and Eighteen-forties—no less than the Nineteen-thirties—were decades of profound social unrest and extensive social reform.

FREDERICK George Marcham's "A History of England," first published in 1937 and now revised (Macmillan, $5), is a well-organized, judicious, well-written college textbook that may be read with pleasure or consulted with profit by readers whose college days are far behind them. Mr. Marcham, who is Goldwin Smith Professor of English History at Cornell, has the happy gift of knowing how to enliven his long and necessarily compressed narrative with brief quotations from his historical characters and with revealing anecdotes. An example is his quotation of Disraeli's thrust at the gentlemen of Gladstone's first ministry, after they had been busy legislating for six years: "As I sat opposite the treasury bench, the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes, not very unusual on the south coasts of America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes, not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest."

A quarto edition of "Crainquebille" —Anatole France's famous, ironical, and tender tale of justice—perfectly illustrated by Bernard Lamotte, translated by Jacques LeClercq, and boldly printed in eighteen-point Garamont—is a notable addition to the Heritage Press list ($5).

Another beautiful Heritage book (the "heritage" coming from the Limited Editions Club) is Stevenson's "Kidnapped," illustrated with fine woodcuts by Hans Alexander Mueller, introduced by Christopher Morley.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

VOYAGING MAKES THE FULL MAN

THE WORLD of specialization has finally descended on the field of travel, and if you're a buttonhole trimmer or a pillow stuffer or a zoo keeper it is suggested that you take your vacation in some foreign clime to meet other buttonhole trimmers, pillow stuffers, and zoo keepers. Naturally, it's all in the interests of human understanding, *ergo* world peace. Not that the idea is really new. The same principle with the same ultimate aim has been tried by the Government for years—sending our diplomats over to see their diplomats—without too much success.

If you have a burning interest in the fields of education, gardening, music, fashion, to mention just a few, there are specialized trips for you this summer to Mexico, Haiti, England, France, Italy, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria, and India.

Garden-lovers of the world may unite on a sixty-two-day tour of Europe which is already on the high seas. You could fly to join it in Sorrento, Amalfi, Rome, Florence, Milan, the Italian lake district, Switzerland, the château country of Tours, or Paris. It will also spend two weeks in and around London sniffing English flowers before returning home July 5. The jonquil junket is being conducted by Stuart Ortloff, an authority on gardening and landscape architecture. It will travel by the de luxe motor coaches of Linjebuss on the Continent, and space is scheduled in cabin class aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* for the return. Bankers and Merchants Travel Service, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City, makes the arrangements, and the tab comes to a snappy $1,595.

A tour for students interested in pursuing fashion careers will cover France, Italy, Austria, and England under the auspices of Travel and Study, Inc., which may be reached at 110 East 57th Street, New York. T. and S. will get you inside the houses of Dior, Jacques Fath, Schiaparelli, Jacques Griffe, Alex Maguy, and Pierre Balmain in time to see the 1951 autumn and winter collections. In Rome the tour will invade the couturier house of Schubert and then travel to Como to visit the silk mills and to Venice and Florence to trace the history of art and design of the Renaissance.

The fashion party will go to England to look at woolens and sports clothes and to study comparative buying-and-selling techniques in London department stores. They will also cross into Vienna for ski and winter sports outfits developed for the Alpine resorts and for Austria's costume jewelry and leather goods. To keep abreast of Continental chic the group will slave away by trotting to operas, to theatre, concert, and ballet performances, not to mention a short period of residency at a French resort yet to be named.

Among the many trips for teachers is a series of three seven-week itineraries bound for Europe, sponsored by *Scholastic* magazines. Six sailing dates are available beginning on June 1, and the agents in question are the United States Travel Agency, 807 15th Street N.W., in Washington and 500 Fifth Avenue in New York. Of the three tours one covers England, Holland, and Scandinavia; another takes in France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England; the third, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and France. Teachers, school administrators and supervisors, librarians, and their wives or husbands are eligible. All you need is the inclination and $998.

A seminar in India departing from Burbank, California, toward the end of June has been announced, and berths are open for professional people, especially speakers, writers, university teachers, and students working towards advanced degrees. Sponsored by San Francisco State College, the seminar will emphasize social and economic conditions and the work being done to improve them, and it will explore the political situation, its trends and developments. Arrangements are being made for interviews with prominent leaders in India, a category which the tour conductors expect will include Prime Minister Nehru. The party will travel by chartered plane by way of Honolulu, Manila, and Rangoon, with stops in those cities for sightseeing and interviews, and then on to India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. It's all non-profit and cooperative, and the anticipated cost comes to $1,400.

From the advance notices all Europe this summer will be one big orchestra pit. Everybody is having a festival, preferably with leaders and performers of five-star fame. The only countries not heard from at press time were Andorra and San Marino. Naturally, there are to be some conducted tours to the musical attractions, although the average unaccompanied traveler would have a hard time traveling five miles in Europe without tripping over a musical event of great significance.

SOMETHING known rather grandly as the Music Festival Pilgrimage to Europe has been organized by a union of Thomas Cook and Son and Station WABF-FM of New York. Travel certainly makes strange bedfellows. Music pilgrims will sail on the Cunarder *Georgic* on June 28 and will listen in at the Salzburg Festival in Austria, the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth (revived for the first time since the Thirties), Rome's open-air opera at the Baths of Caracalla, performances of opera in Paris, opera and ballet in London, and the drama at Stratford on Avon. There is to be a special concert of chamber music at the sanctum of the Schnabels in Como, and the pilgrims will take in Florence, site of an annual music festival which opened May 6 for a six-weeks' run. If you've got $1,203 and the desire you're on board.

A music trip by Travel and Study includes the festivals at Salzburg, Lucerne, and Edinburgh and also the Wagner programs at Bayreuth and the Casals performances in the South of France. Tour members may also join in the programs and attend the lectures at the Bryanston School of Music in Dorset, England, and the Fontainebleau School of Music at Fontainebleau Palace, just outside Paris.

The same organizers are scheduling a dramatic arts travel program in which Louis Jouvet, Sir Laurence Olivier, and Jean Louis Barrault are expected to participate. Drama students will get a look at summer performances of English repertory companies. Ballet specialists will have the instructive benefit of Roland Petit, among others, not to mention the School of Ballet of the Paris Opéra and the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet in London.

There are, to be sure, some five

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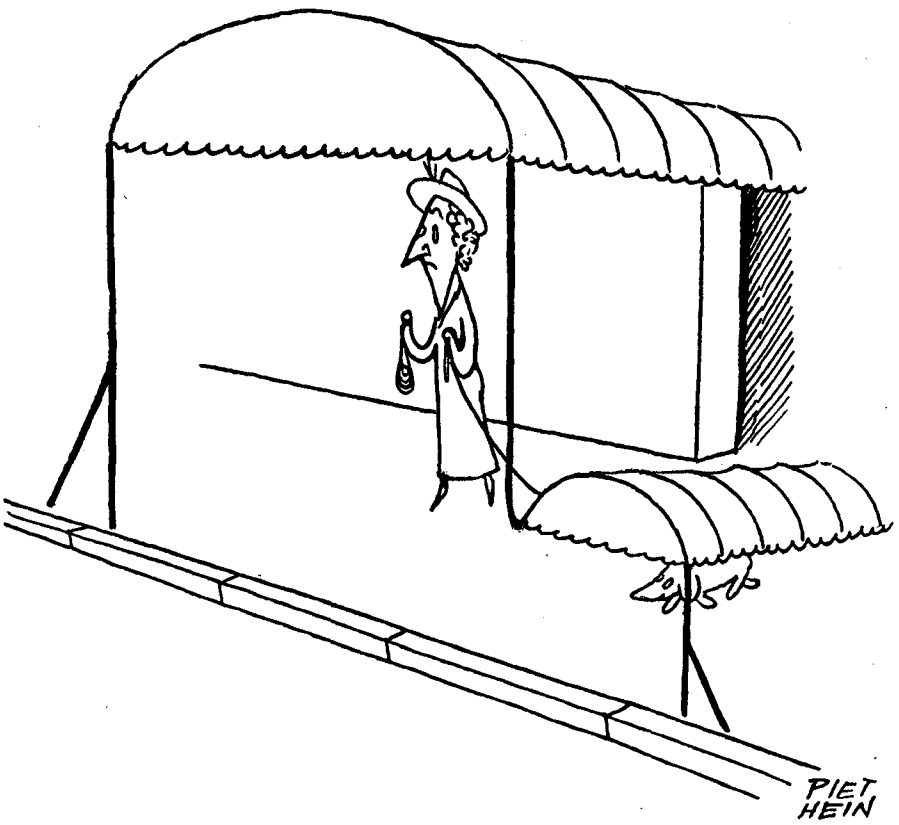
hundred opportunities for students to travel this summer. UNESCO has compiled them all in a booklet entitled "Vacation Study Supplement," which can be purchased from International Documents Service, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y., for forty-five cents. In passing it might be well to mention that for the first time in history Haiti will be opened this summer for a series of tours especially prepared for students of French. Led by French professors of American colleges, the groups will sail from Miami on a series of eight-day cruises touching at Nassau, Jamaica, and the Dominican Republic. After landing at Port au Prince they will spend fifteen days touring Haiti, hearing lectures on the country's history, geography, and culture by local authorities. The talks will be in English. Each group will be held to fifty students. Miami sailing dates are June 25, July 9, July 23, and August 6, and Atlantic Caribbean Travel Service, 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., is making the arrangements.

The Mexico City Writing Center will take fifty students and a small group of professionals at its second summer session, which begins June 19 and runs through August 24. English will be the language of communication, but Mexico will, naturally, supply the local stimulation. Tuition comes to $105, and room and board runs from $40 to $50 a month. The address: Mexico City Writing Center, Mexico City College, Chiapas 136, Mexico, D.F.

Well, that takes care of those whose interests lie in fashion, music, education, ballet, theatre, and the secrets of the mysterious East. Anybody whose hobby is collecting money and who has grown particularly adept at that pursuit might have a look at a trip called "Fielding's Caravan Through Europe and Africa," scheduled to depart these bourgeois shores in July. Fifteen carefully-selected, heavily-heeled patrons will comprise the Caravan's pay-load, which will make for Paris and Copenhagen, then on into Norway, across the Arctic Circle into Lapland, back down to Rome, over the Mediterranean to Egypt, Addis Ababa, and Nairobi, and via Cairo and Rome, again, to Switzerland and Spain. Now hear this: in Paris, Copenhagen, Oslo, Rome, and Madrid each traveler will have a personal servant—maids for the ladies and valet-butlers for the gents. Laundry, cigars and cigarettes, liquor, and tips are all included, and everyone gets a wad of spending money upon arriving in each foreign land. Each member of the Caravan, which is being conducted by Temple Fielding, the travel-book author, will receive 100 Cartier-engraved letterheads and 100 airmail envelopes, but the Caravan secretary will have an extra supply in case you want to dictate a note to her. A national magazine is planning to cover the voyage, Acme Newspictures is sending along its chief photographer, and in case you don't get in the pictures each member will receive a leather-bound souvenir volume of the trip. I almost forgot to mention the price. It's all wrapped up for you at $14,850. Says Mr. Fielding,



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"It's exactly the sort of thing which overthrew the Russian czars, but . . . nuts to the Comintern." That also goes for the Chase National Bank.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

ALL ABOUT IRELAND. By Virginia Creed. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. One of the New Europe Guides, a series that plays its prose very straight, avoids illustrations of any kind, and appears on the stalls at a very modest fee. Slip into Europe from the west, says Virginia Creed, and make an easy transition into European ways. In Ireland there are no language barriers, the summer is as cool as the fall over here, but the hotels are "just adequate." Irish food is the best in the world, the lady says, until it is cooked. Very few of her punches are pulled, and she does supply the Eire-bound traveler with a complete tour of the republic and a portfolio of useful travel-accommodations data tacked in the back. It's the best and most complete work on the country to date.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. By Stuart Murray. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Stuart Murray, who has written travel books before, is the director of the Virgin Islands Information Service, and he has put between hard covers a lot of the information he has been dispensing over the counter. There is a very handy directory of hotels and restaurants with a description of each. And there is also a list of shops, although no mention is made of who sells what.

I was a little disconcerted by Mr. Murray's failure to make much of local history and local custom. "Those who plan permanent residence in the islands will do well to equip themselves with the knowledge of the interesting past so that they may better appreciate the surroundings in which they live," he says. There are some notes in the back of the book on how to start a business in the islands and more on permanent residency. There is a reprinted page of divorce laws, which account for much of the Virgin Islands' business, but I couldn't find a word of advice to incipient divorcées.

—H. S.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MODERNS		
Samuel Barber BARBER: "KNOXVILLE: SUMMER OF 1915," OP. 24 (1947). Eleanor Steber; Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orch., Strickland. BARBER: "FOUR EXCURSIONS." R. Firkusny, pf. Columbia LP: ml 2174		▶ This constellation of end-of-the-war Barber—most of his major output—characterizes LP's enterprising expansion in musical significance. In most musical areas, including the contemporary, LP is already on a far broader base than orchestral "live" performance in the U.S. and constitutes a major challenge to concert performance in general, such as 78 never could be. "Knoxville" is a nostalgic setting of prose poem, small-town-Americana, Menotti-like in its instrumental yet expressive word treatment. Sensitive and nicely performed.
BARBER: SYMPHONY #2 (1944-47). New Symphony, Barber. London LP: LPS. 334		▶ A good trilogy, the ffrr sound excellent for the music (i.e., a dry, sharp "edge," wide range, plus good liveness, depth). Interesting contrast; the symphony, conservative-modern, is traditionally built in its "absolute" sonata-form, variation, fugato, using as its musical speech a synthesis of proven modern tonal language, the influence of Copland blended with European models. (Note how clearly a 20th-c. "style" has developed in this generation—Bernstein, Dello Joio, Menotti *et al*—from many formerly diverse tendencies in the earlier "modern.") "Medea," Martha Graham style (it was for her), shows typical ballet awareness of today's composers—utterly unlike the symphony in structure; angular, somewhat static, its moods in formal planes, the Grecian classic formality excellently realized in musical terms. Considerable Stravinsky here along with Copland—again, a well-worked synthesis. The cello concerto is a lyric, informal, non-dissonant work, the easiest for average ears of all of these. All are "super-hi-fi" recordings.
BARBER: "MEDEA" BALLET SUITE, OP. 23 (1946). New Symphony, Barber. London LP: LPS. 333		
BARBER: CELLO CONCERTO (1944). Zara Nelsova; New Symphony, Barber. London LP: LPS. 332		
Hindemith HINDEMITH: "PHILHARMONIC CONCERTO" (1932). Berlin Philharmonic, Hindemith. HINDEMITH: "APPAREBIT REPENTINA DIES." Vienna Singakademie, Vienna Symphony, Hindemith. Capitol LP: P-8134		▶ A *concertante* piece, like Bartók's "Concerto for Orch.," composed for 50th year of Berlin Philharmonic; a brilliant set of show-piece variations, for orchestral choirs, one of the most dissonant and complex of H.'s works—yet relatively light and good humored even so; hence not hard to get to know. The "Apparebit," to early Latin poem of Judgment Day, is stern stuff, the familiar medieval influence again. Brass choir accompaniment. Machaut-like setting (angular, Gregorian-derived melodies) gives strangely irrelevant feeling of Debussy; suggests Stravinsky choral work in many spots. Usual tremendous brass writing, gruff, rhythmic, ominous or triumphant. Somewhat wobbly Viennese voices labor mightily, but intonation not always clear, diction underdone. An impressive musical edifice.
HINDEMITH: THREE ORGAN SONATAS (1937, 1940). Robt. Noehren, organ of Grace Episc. Church, Sandusky. Allegro LP: AL 103		▶ A revelation—played on newly rebuilt Baroque-style instrument (original mechanical action) these show astonishing affinity of H.'s neo-Baroque style for the older type organ. This is 100 per cent satisfactory expression, where so much organ music is wanting. Baroque colors, planes, counterpoint; contemporary dissonance. Top quality recording—but my pressing is dreadfully warped, wows.
Martinu MARTINU: "SINFONIETTA GIOCOSA" (1941). Germaine Leroux, Czech Philharmonic, Krombholc. Mercury LP: MG 10040 (½)		▶ Martinu lived in France for years; this middle-aged work reminisces to the Twenties of Stravinsky, Poulenc, Prokofieff—Bach-like rhythm à la Stravinsky, the slightly giddy, tinny sound of prewar Paris, but with a lyric good humor and sweetness thoroughly Czech. Excellent recording; tape must have reached the Czechs.
MARTINU: THREE MADRIGALS (1947). Jos. Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola. Decca LP: DL 8510 (½) *(with Mozart, Duo #2)*		▶ It takes a restricted medium to put some men at their best—these duos are astonishingly rich, gratifying, beautifully composed, big and full with Baroque instrumental lavishness, yet with the lightness and dash of a Smetana polka. "Madrigals," I'd guess, refers to *durchomponiert* treatment of successive motives by the two protagonists, madrigal-style. Fine, live recording. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA; PYGMALION; SAINT JOAN *Bernard Shaw* (Penguin: 25¢ each)	The complete prefaces and texts of three of Shaw's finest plays in an attractive format.	Extraordinary value.
CASS TIMBERLANE *Sinclair Lewis* (Bantam: 35¢)	The story of a middle-aged small-town judge who marries a girl in her early twenties. Punctuated with pictures of the dreary married life of their friends and neighbors.	Minor Lewis novel. Characters and settings a bit reminiscent of "Dodsworth" and "Main Street."
DARK HUNGER (MOONRISE) *Theodore Strauss* (Bantam 25¢)	Psychological murder story. A small boy haunted by the fact that his father was hanged for murder commits murder himself but is finally redeemed.	Told with deft literary craftsmanship and a hard, bitter cadence that rises evenly to inevitable climax.
THE DOG STAR *Donald Windham* (Signet: 25¢)	What happened to Blackie Pride, a juvenile delinquent, when a friend committed suicide.	Compassionate character study projected against a sharply etched, tough little world.
I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE *Jerome Weidman* (Avon: 25¢)	Harry Bogen's rise to wealth in the dress-manufacturing business. in the course of which he double-crosses friends, relatives, and a childhood sweetheart.	Scathing portrait of a heel. Hard, wise, slangy.
MISS HARRIET AND OTHER STORIES *Guy de Maupassant* (Penguin: 50¢)	A new translation by H. N. P. Sloman of "Mademoiselle Fifi," "Uncle Tony," "Who Knows What?," the title story, and eleven others.	The French master storyteller at his finest.
PAYMENT DEFERRED *C. S. Forester* (Bantam: 25¢)	What happens when a mild little English bank clerk with a genius for finance commits a crime to put his family on easy street.	Swiftly paced, packed with incident and suspense.
STRANGERS AND LOVERS *Edwin Granberry* (Signet: 25¢)	The star-crossed romance of Millie and Alec, "poor white" workers on an estate in the prairies of Southern Florida.	Touching tale told with a sure sense of character, authentic background, mounting dramatic force.
THE SUMMING UP *W. Somerset Maugham* (Mentor: 35¢)	The considered opinions of W. Somerset Maugham on such topics as his own life, his writings, the role of the artist, and life in general.	Completely honest, as absorbing as good talk.
THE SUNNIER SIDE *Charles Jackson* (Dell: 25¢)	Twelve stories, most of them hanging on the sexual tensions of adolescence, set in an upstate New York village before World War I.	Jackson again demonstrates his capacity for deft writing, his inventiveness, and versatility. His best book since "The Lost Weekend."
TO HELL AND BACK *Audie Murphy* (Permabooks: 35¢)	The most decorated soldier of World War II recounts in diary form his harrowing experiences from Sicily to Germany.	Stark, grim, straight from the shoulder. A powerful, terrible book.
UNDER THE SKIN *Phyllis Bottome* (Pocket: 25¢)	A young English war widow, on becoming headmistress of a girl's school in the British West Indies, encounters the color question. Some of her problems are solved by a graphically described hurricane.	Diverting romance, passionate, highly sentimentalized. Not up to Miss Bottome's best work.
WOLF SONG *Harvey Fergusson* (Bantam: 25¢)	The coming of age of Sam Lash in the adventurous, debauched world of the Old Southwest.	Vivid characters depicted against an authentically colorful background. Good romantic reading.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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Thomas Walsh (right) and Edward Radin are holding their "Edgars"—top honors in the crime-writing field this year.

The Mystery Writers of America gave Mr. Walsh the Edgar Allan Poe award for **Nightmare in Manhattan**—"the best first crime novel of the year." Mr. Radin's "Edgar" honored **12 Against Crime**—"the best true crime writing of the year."

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This is a single example of one of the most rewarding experiences a reprint editor can have: picking in 1950 the books that will win awards (or headlines) in 1951.

Other examples:

F. Scott Fitzgerald's **Tender is the Night** and **The Great Gatsby**, issued on time for the "Fitzgerald revival."

James Michener's **The Fires of Spring** reprinted at the same time that his Book-of-the-Month **Return to Paradise** makes literary front pages.

Cyrano de Bergerac published before Jose Ferrer's "Oscar."

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

THROUGH THE PSYCHIATRIC LOOKING GLASS

ANGRY BOY. *An Affiliated Film Production for the Mental Health Film Board; sponsored by the Michigan State Department of Health. Directed by Alexander Hammid; written and produced by Irving Jacoby. Principal psychiatric consultant, Thomas A. C. Rennie, M.D. Distributed for purchase and rental by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.* (33 *min.*)

The importance of the child guidance clinic to young Tommy Randall and his family is presented in story form in this new Mental Health Film Board release. When Tommy was caught stealing money from his teacher's purse his mother could hardly believe it, for Tommy was always "a good boy." Referred by the school principal to the guidance clinic, Mrs. Randall and Tommy begin their regular interviews with the social worker and the psychiatrist. The film shows how the clinic staff works with them.

We also see into the Randall home, where Tommy is caught up in the confused hostilities and jealousies of his parents' world. "There is a lot of hate in Tommy," the psychiatrist admits to his staff, "and it won't disappear overnight." Scenes of Tommy's later sessions with Dr. Marshall show some of that hate coming to the surface. As the hatred is released and Tommy begins to see that Dr. Marshall is really his friend he begins to be less afraid of himself and of the people around him. When children are denied the affection they need they react with fear and anger, the film states.

This brief description does not do justice to "Angry Boy." All three of the films reviewed here could be more easily described in pages instead of paragraphs, for they reach out in many directions and each has its important overtones. "Angry Boy" has several notable virtues: its people are "real" people, the action and symbols in the film are neatly interwoven, and there is depth to every situation and sentiment. There are some weak scenes, too, for unfortunately the members of the professional staff at the clinic are not always as relaxed before the camera as they should be; but on the whole this is a worthy and significant film. The role of Mrs. Randall is especially skilfully written, directed, and acted. Tommy himself is probably one of the most appealing children ever seen on any screen.

STEPS OF AGE. *Produced by Film Documents for the Mental Health Film Board; sponsored by the South Carolina State Department of Health. Produced by Helen Levitt; written and directed by Ben Maddow; edited by Sidney Meyers. Principal psychiatric consultant, M. Ralph Kaufman, M.D. Distributed for purchase and rental by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.* (25 *min.*)

Problems of growing old are movingly set forth in this film which was produced and edited by two of the people responsible for "The Quiet One." Most of the story takes place as Mrs. Potter, a sixty-two-year-old widow, climbs the long stairs up the hill to her daughter's house. Her spoken thoughts and flash-back recollections as she goes up the symbolic stairs serve to summarize her plight.

"When do you begin to learn to grow old?" she asks at the beginning. "You wake up one day and realize that your husband is dead and you are living with your married daughter and now you are old and lonely and face to face with all the mistakes you ever made."

From the top of the hill a child drops a ball and Mrs. Potter stoops to pick it up. "When I was young I could run all day and never get tired," she says. She remembers when her husband died—though he had really stopped living the day he locked himself up in the crane and wouldn't come down, that day he was retired from his job at the factory. When he died in reality she went to live with Emma. ("Of course we need her," Emma had said to her husband after a spat with her mother one night, "but can't she help without eating us up alive?")

Awaking from her reverie of loneliness, futility, and guilt, Mrs. Potter reaches out to hand the ball to the little girl on the stairs. "Maybe you start with this," she tells herself, "that you're alive—that every twig and every stone and every second is so precious that nothing like it will ever happen again."

Hope for a happier future is indicated in a brief final sequence when Mrs. Potter arrives back at Emma's. The children are in the front yard, and from the window Emma calls out and says she needs some help with the roast she bought for dinner. With tears in her eyes Mrs. Potter starts into the house.

There will be a few tears shed in the audience, too, I suspect, for this is a remarkably touching story, the larger aspects of which are beautifully and sensitively presented. The role of Mrs. Potter is exceptionally well acted and the photography is at times inspired. While it does not present as concrete a solution to mental health problems as "Angry Boy," it is provocatively important in its own way.

FEELINGS OF DEPRESSION. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, for the Mental Health Division of the Dept. of National Health and Welfare, in cooperation with the Allan Memorial Institute of Psychiatry of McGill University and the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Produced by Tom Daly, directed by Stanley Jackson. Distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd St., New York 19, N. Y. For rental apply to nearest 16mm. libraries or the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.* (32 *min.*)

Like the earlier films of the Mental Mechanisms Series ("Feeling of Re-

—*National Film Board of Canada.*

Tommy Randall, Mrs. Potter, John Murray—is any similarity purely coincidental?

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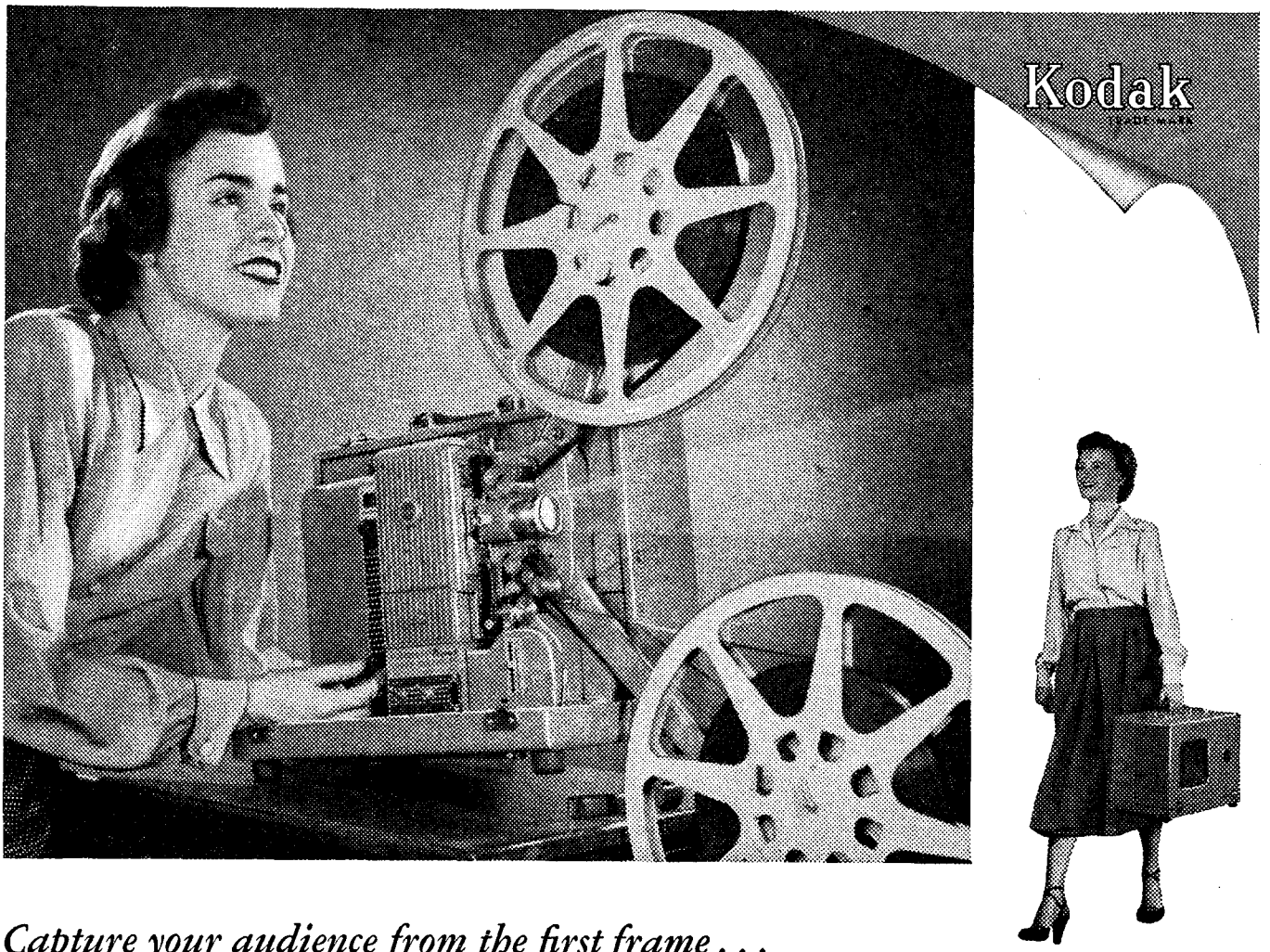

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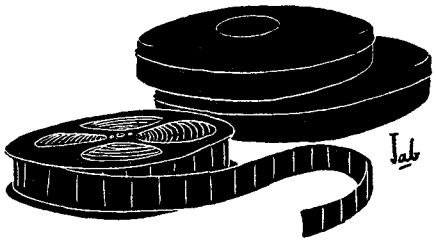
jection," "Feeling of Hostility," and "Over-Dependency"), this is a concise case study of a disturbed personality. John Murray thinks that his deep depressions are the result of business reverses, but his wife and his business partner think that his feelings are excessive, that he is sick and should see a doctor. The film goes back to scenes of John's earlier life and explores his contented infancy, later jealousies of his baby brother, guilt about his mother's ill health, loneliness after her death, over-idealization of his father, and the inevitable let-down when his hopes and dreams fail him. Suppressing his feelings of loneliness and neglect, John added to his already overloaded emotional stresses by "becoming a father" to his younger brother after their father's death. As John dedicates himself more and more to his self-imposed responsibilities his periods of depression become more frequent, while his brother is finding the happiness he seeks. The film ends with a summary of the presentation of John's problems, and it adds that psychiatry could help him find a richer life in his own right, with his own work and his own wife.

Intended primarily for use by psychiatrists as a stimulus to discussion with groups of patients, "Feelings of Depression" is a penetrating hard-hitting film, though general audiences left to their own resources may fail to understand it fully. For that reason the producers—and this reviewer—recommend that it be shown only when a competent professional person is on hand to guide discussion and answer questions. This is not a poetic picture—its plainness is in fact one of its chief virtues—but it is singularly well organized and well planned. Its serious and systematic presentation, its well-paced action and effective commentary, and its unprettified charm place "Feelings of Depression" with the best of mental health films.

ALL THREE of the films reviewed this week shed warm light on some of the shadowy personal conflicts which can distort reality, impoverish the spirit, and destroy free communication and trust among people, even those nearest and dearest to each other. In producing them the sponsoring agencies are declaring not only that such problems do exist and can be alleviated but that they do not have to exist. In other words, children can have an excitingly wholesome relationship with their parents, old age need not be a synonym for uselessness, we can all gain from facing and accepting our individual and common hopes, our disappointments, fears, and desires.

It is only four years since the National Film Board of Canada first released "The Feeling of Rejection" in this country. Its producer-director, Robert Anderson, had worked previously on a number of Canadian Army films, among them one entitled "Psychological First Aid," which dealt with problems of fear and anxiety among soldiers. Counterparts of this film were also produced by other governments, but Canada was the first to experiment with the psychiatric film for civilian use. Since 1947 over 600 prints of "The Feeling of Rejection" have been purchased in the United States alone, an enviable record among the small group of worthwhile postwar documentaries.



Not only was the subject of "Rejection" new to non-theatrical audiences, but the film treatment was also different. It was a document of one person's life rather than of a way of life. There were non-professional actors, who didn't "act"; they acted like the people we all know, like the people we are. The story and situations and settings were equally familiar but they appeared with new meaning in the film. And there was an added quality of sincerity, sadness, and hope. In the foreground the reassuring voice of the narrator interpreted what was shown and said and pointed out relationships between one event and another. The film held our attention to the very last scene; then all we could do was wish for more.

And before long there was more. The National Film Board, again with Robert Anderson as producer-director, made two more films much in the same pattern—"Hostility" and "Over-Dependency." So beautiful a film as "The Quiet One" turned a sensitive eye to a human predicament, and a poetic ear caught the throb of sorrow beyond sorrow. The film "Preface to a Life" attempted to simplify the ingredients of parent-child relationships, but the results were more complex and confusing than illuminating. "Palmour Street" took a low-budget stab at presenting family problems in a Southern Negro community, and it ended with a large question mark to a question which was never clearly asked. Films on problems of marriage, child care, adolescence, and the like were produced for special use in high school, college, church, and so on.

The Mental Health Film Board, formed in 1949 to collect money, skills, and knowledge for a continuing series of mental health films in this country, now has released its first two productions. Almost simultaneously the fourth in the Canadian series is also available. Five other Mental Health Film Board productions are in various stages of completion—on children's fears, primary education, adolescence, family life in Puerto Rico, and a sixty-minute general mental health film now being shot under the direction of Irving Jacoby and Willard Van Dyke.

Robert Anderson, back in Canada after a year in the U. S. with the Mental Health Film Board, has completed "Breakdown," the story of a girl who gets sick, goes to a mental hospital, gets well there, and goes home again.

This is sufficient indication that we shall be well supplied with mental health films in future. But we need better films as well as more. We need those that are carefully planned and integrated, a real series of mental health films rather than a string of titles. Without such planning and integration there is the danger that, like the travelogue, the mental health film will become a cliché even before it has been well defined and understood. When the first travelogue films were made audiences were enchanted with the new and delightful things that came to life before their eyes. But before long these same audiences began to wince at the painfully inadequate formula—exotic costumes and dances, lists of exports and imports, beautiful mountains and lakes, the inevitable setting sun. Travel films potentially have much to show about people and places, but after seeing half a dozen of them we can't distinguish one from another. One may be about Ceylon and one Norway. But they are conceived in a vacuum; like Alice's Wonderland adventures, they are completely simple in what they say, devilishly confusing in what they fail to say or to imply.

Similar dangers are all too possible for the mental health film. The first step to ward off this threat would be for psychiatrists and film-makers to do some preliminary paper work and set down a few tenable principles on which a series of planned and related mental health films can be based. On such a foundation production can continue on a progressive rather than a haphazard basis, and the films can show life not only sliced into labeled segments, as scientists conveniently study it, but also as it is lived—fluid, fluctuating, and whole.

Mere excursions are not enough—whether they be to the exotic lands of Siam or Alaska or Haiti, whether they be to the troubled lives of Mrs. Potter or Tommy Randall or John Murray.

—CECILE STARR.

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Guide to Books for Young People

EDITED BY MARY GOULD DAVIS

A COY and reluctant spring over Manhattan has at last settled into May. The tulip and cherry trees in the parks have blossomed and shed their petals. The baby camel and the baby buffalo in the Central Park zoo have begun to lose their infant contours. The children's books that the *Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival celebrates for a week, beginning May 13, are bewildering in their number and in importance. We review here as varied a selection as space allows. More, and fully as important ones, will be reviewed in June and July.

There are not as many picture books on the spring list as we would like to see; but stories for the younger children and the "young novels" for older girls are numerous and varied and generally speaking on a very high level. The awarding of one of the *Herald Tribune* prizes to Eleanor Estes's "Ginger Pye" will be strongly approved by everyone who knows the Moffatt books and "The Hundred Dresses." Books like G. W. Barrington's "Wind Runner" and K. C. Randall's "Wild Hunter" will live for many years. They have the permanent values that we seek in books for boys and girls.

Grouped together, as they are now at the Junior Museum here in Manhattan, the children's books published from January to June 1951 make a colorful and an encouraging picture. In such times as these it gives one a lift of the spirit to share their beauty and vitality.

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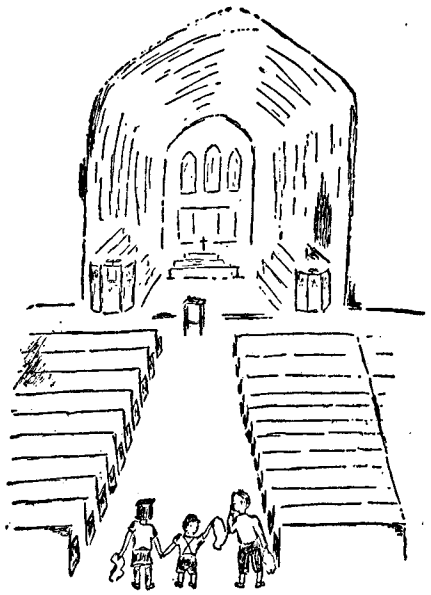
Books for Younger Boys & Girls



—*From "Ginger Pye."*

GINGER PYE. By Eleanor Estes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 250 *pp.* $2.50.

GINGER, Jerry Pye's dog, was an exceedingly intelligent fox terrier. When only a puppy he traced Jerry from his house to the school, climbed an iron fire escape to the second floor, and appeared at the window of Room Nine, holding in his mouth a pencil which Jerry had dropped in a field that morning. Naturally, this amazing feat was described (with picture) in the *Cranberry Chronicle* for October 13, 1919—which gives us the date of this story. It is thrilling to find that the Moffets are mentioned in it. We are told casually that the Moffets had a museum in their barn that they had moved out of one house into another. But this chronicle is concerned with the Pyes. Mr. Pye was a bird man, so accomplished that "Call Mr. Pye" was a byword among naturalists. Mrs. Pye was young and pretty and full of humor and common sense. But it is Jerry and Rachel Pye that win our hearts as they were won by Rufus Moffett and *his* family not so long ago. Ginger Pye was stolen by a dastardly man who wore a yellow hat. He is gone for months, for one miserable winter, and in that time we learn what went on in the mind and heart of Jerry and Rachel Pye.

Not many writers can give us the mind and heart of a child as Eleanor Estes can. Jerry's grief, his determination are second only to Rachel's. It is a saga of childhood—their search for Ginger and its happy ending. Ginger is brought home again by Uncle Bennie, distinguished because he is an uncle at the age of three—and for other excellent reasons which will emerge as you read these pages. Eleanor Estes has illustrated them with her own drawings—vivid, amusing sketches that point up and confirm the atmosphere of the story. It is a book to read and reread, this chronicle of the Pyes.

SING-A-LONG SARY. By Margaret and John Travers Moore. Illustrated by John Moment. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 150 *pp.* $2.

There are freshness and an underlying humor in this tale of a little girl in Pennsylvania in 1850. Sary had carefully tended three pumpkins in the field near the river. Her private plan was to exhibit them at the County Fair, win a prize, and with the money buy a violin for her brother Zeke. But the river flooded, the field was drowned in several feet of water, and the pumpkins floated away. How Sary searched and found the biggest one and with help from Uncle Ed won a prize and earned enough money to buy a violin for Zeke's Christmas present shows what one small, determined girl can do when she has made up her mind. Sary is a real pioneer and, incidentally, a very attractive young person. Black-and-white drawings highlight this excellent tale.

NILS, THE ISLAND BOY. Written and illustrated by Hedvig Collin. New York: The Viking Press. 92 *pp.* $2.

This story of a boy whose summer home was on an island off the coast of Denmark might be a companion volume to Hedvig Collin's "Wind Island." It is in the same format, with a frontispiece in color and many delicate, beautiful black-and-white drawings. Nils had a little Iceland pony, a clever dog who could do tricks, a small sister, and a most satisfactory father and mother. Nils's father was a bridge-builder, and a firm in New Mexico, USA, asked him to come there and design a bridge for them. Nils was to go with him, and his mother and little sister were to follow later. There are both humor and pathos in Nils's reaction to this exciting news. The story takes him through the packing and the parting, across the ocean on the liner *Gripsholm*, and up the Bay to the pier on Manhattan. All the way along Miss Collin follows the story with her lovely drawings, right up to the Manhattan skyline shrouded in mist. It is written in the easy, flowing English that characterized "Wind Boy."

A NICKEL FOR ALICE. By Frances Salomon Murphy. Illustrated by Mabel Jones Woodbury. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is an exceptionally good tale of a little girl who had every reason to find this world a hard place to live in. Alice was an orphan under state care. The social worker who had charge of her was kind and understanding but she could not give Alice the feeling of being *wanted*—which was her greatest need. The first home where Miss Cannon placed Alice was wrong because the little daughter there was almost unconsciously the center of the household and Alice was an "extra." Then Miss Cannon took her to a farm where three boys had grown up and gone out into the world and the farmer wanted a boy to replace them. It is a tribute to the Potters that Alice felt immediately at home there, and she felt needed, useful, and independent. Her readiness to learn the work of the farm and her obvious happiness in it completely won over the farmer and his wife. They had asked for a boy and through Alice they finally got one. But Alice had earned her place as a permanent member of a happy, united family. This satisfying story is illustrated with black-and-white drawings.

JOCKIE. By Lilla Stirling. Illustrated by Bob Meyers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 202 *pp.* $2.

This book about a boy on Prince Edward Island begins with a trotting race on ice over the frozen bay. Jockie's horse, Diana, was not supposed to be racing, but she got so excited that her speed made her an object of interest to the racing fans. But Jockie would not sell her. The next summer he turned Diana over to Peter Brown for training. And in the end Diana won the night race. Again they tried to buy Diana, and again Jockie said firmly: "She is not for sale." The winter racing and skiing, the summer cod fishing on and around Price Edward Island are the background for an unusually good story about a boy and a horse. The book is very attractive, too, with excellent format and a number of vigorous, effective drawings.

WHITEY AND THE RUSTLERS. By Glen Rounds. New York: Holiday House. 32 *pp.* $1.25.

Little boys like to have their own cowboy stories, and this one is for them. Whitey had two steers that he hoped would bring him money enough for a new saddle. But the rustlers got the steers, and Whitey made up his

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New MORROW JUNIOR BOOKS

Ages 12 up

Peddler's Girl

by ELIZABETH HOWARD

Life in a roaming peddler's wagon a century ago is the background of this fresh story of young love. "A fine love story." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* By the author of *North Winds Blow Free,* etc. $2.50

Ride out the Storm

by MARGARET E. BELL

In this unusual school story, a new girl survives a more difficult hazard than any met in her native Alaska. "Engrossing." — *Library Journal.* By the author of *Watch for a Tall White Sail,* etc. $2.50

Fast Man on a Pivot

by DUANE DECKER

The hot contest between dependable Bud Walker and his flashy rival for second base provides steadily mounting excitement. By the author of *The Catcher from Double-A,* etc. "Excellent baseball." — *Library Journal.* $2.50

Ages 10 up

State Birds and Flowers

by OLIVE L. EARLE

The state birds and flowers are presented by a distinguished naturalist-artist in accurate text . . . and strikingly beautiful pictures on every page. $2.00

Ages 10-14

Snow Cloud

by GERALD RAFTERY

This story of a boy's adventures with the man-shy horse he wins for a friend is set in Vermont's beautiful Green Mountains. By the author of *Gray Lance.* $2.00

Ages 8-12

Railroad Cowboy

by CATHERINE WOOLLEY

A young railroad enthusiast has fun playing with toy trains and riding in real ones. By the author of *David's Railroad,* etc. Illustrated by Iris Beatty Johnson. "Highly satisfying." — *N. Y. Times.* $2.00

Scratchy

by JOHN PARKE

Written with brilliant imagination, this is the realistic story of a cat who left a place he didn't like and found a home perfect beyond his dreams. Illustrated by Charles L. Ripper. "Charming." — *A. L. A. Booklist.* $2.00

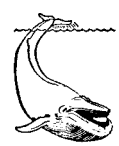
The Apache Indians

Raiders of the Southwest

by SONIA BLEEKER

Interesting, accurate information about this well-known tribe. The second book in a series by the author of *Indians of the Longhouse.* Illustrated by Althea Karr. $2.00

The Great Whales



by HERBERT S. ZIM

All about whales. "Dr. Zim has set a new standard in natural history writing for children. He is beautifully supported by the illustrator, James Gordon Irving." — *Library Journal.* By the author of *Owls,* etc. $2.00

Ages 6-10

The Fig Tree

by ELEANOR FRANCES LATTIMORE

A little South Carolina girl has fun while outgrowing her tomboy ways. By the author of *Christopher and His Turtle,* etc. Illustrated by Miss Lattimore. $2.00

Ages 4-8

Randy and the Queen of Sheba

by MARGARET S. JOHNSON

A little Sheltie and a St. Bernard become devoted friends. By the author of *Red Joker,* etc. Illustrated by the author. $2.00

Swimming Hole

by JERROLD BEIM

The new boy who does not want to go in swimming with anyone who is colored has no fun until he learns that color doesn't matter. By the author of *Country Train,* etc. Illustrated by Louis Darling. $2.00

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mind to get the rustlers! Every night alone he watched the little canyon where he thought they might come with their stolen loot. Finally they came. Whitey was surprised to find they were tame little men who submitted without a struggle to arrest by the sheriff. And Whitey got his saddle—a beauty with a little silver plate inscribed: "To Whitey for service in ridding Lone Tree County of rustlers. From the Lone Tree Stockman's Association." It is a well-designed little book with many of Glen Rounds's characteristic drawings.

LION BOY'S WHITE BROTHER. By Alden G. Stevens. Illustrated by T. Sinnickson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a sequel to Mr. Stevens's "Lion Boy," the story of a native boy in East Africa. In this an English doctor, Dr. Maitland, comes with his wife and young son to camp near Simba's village. Dr. Maitland is searching for certain plants and herbs that he believes exist and that are known to the African witch-doctors. Jack, his son, and Simba meet and become great friends. There is antagonism to the white doctor until he saves one of the native children by performing on her an operation for appendicitis. This scene, showing the fear and wonder of the African people, is curiously moving. Simba and Jack start off into the jungle with a trusted African guide, and the guide is bitten by a mamba and dies. The two boys go on alone, facing many dangers and meeting them bravely and intelligently. In the end they rejoin Dr. Maitland's party, and the doctor finds the precious flower he is seeking. Its secret is that it is radioactive because it grows from soil that contains uranium. A modern adventure story, this is a convincing picture of a little-known country.

SMOKE ABOVE THE LANE. By Meindert DeJong. Illustrations by Girard Goodenow. New York: Harper & Bros. 64 *pp.* $1.75.

THIS story is as original as its title. The main characters are a tramp and a rather young skunk—and their objective is the same. They both seek freedom, a sheltered place in which to sleep and eat, and an occasional feast of pancakes and bacon. The tramp adds coffee to his need, but the skunk prefers fresh, cold water. We find the tramp breaking camp to ride South in the boxcar of a freight train. The skunk follows him into the car because to his keen young nose the tramp represents pancakes and bacon. They have a somewhat uncomfortable journey and when they arrive at a small town in Virginia they find themselves in the midst of preparations for a Labor Day parade. The tramp escapes from the town policeman, and the skunk settles down on the track of the town's trolley car to enjoy some pancake flour and bacon that a frightened woman accidentally dropped there when she discovered the little black-and-white animal in front of her was a skunk. There follows a very amusing scene. The city fathers are puzzled. On the track, in the exact middle of the parade route, the little skunk contentedly chews on a bacon rind. No one dares to approach him. The parade and the citizens wait in baffled silence. Then a farmer, who has more sense than the city fathers, persuades his two horses to lead the skunk along the tracks and out into the country. Here he finds the tramp, and the two of them settle down in the woods with pancake flour, bacon, coffee, and clear, cold water. It is difficult to express the appeal of this story. The illustrations are unusual and interesting.

SADDLE FOR HOSKIE. By Elizabeth Pack. Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

Hoskie was a Navajo Indian boy who lived in the Southwest. He wanted more than anything else in the world to own the beautiful, silver-mounted Mexican saddle that hung in the Trading Post. Atchee, an older boy with a very uncertain temper, wanted the saddle, too. Hoskie had a hard time, but in the end the saddle was his. Manning Lee's drawings show Hoskie and Atchee and the Southwest background of an Indian boy who had courage and resourcefulness.

—From "Smoke Above the Lane."

THE BELLS ON FINLAND STREET. By Lyn Cook. Illustrated by Stanley Wyatt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 197 *pp.* $2.50.

Nine-year-old Elin wanted to become a famous figure skater. Her father, a Finnish miner in Sudbury, the center of the Canadian nickel industry, did not have the money for fancy skates or for skating lessons. Elin managed to earn several dollars working at old Mr. Kutsheff's grocery store, but later she gave up her precious savings to pay the bills that piled up when her father had an accident in the mine. When grandfather, a former champion figure skater from Finland, came for a visit things brightened for Elin. In a happy day at the Carnival she "flew like a bird down the ice."

The young Canadian author of this story has surrounded Elin with friends from other countries and has tried to show their contribution to Canada. She has drawn some delightful characters. Grandfather and the fat, chuckling grocer Mr. Kutsheff in their halting, often poetic speech give atmosphere to the story. Whether boys and girls will grasp the lesson in citizenship that underlies the story, we do not know. They will, however, approve of Elin and the simple drawings that illustrate her story. Perhaps they will believe that when Elin smiles the bells ring in fairyland and on Finland Street. —BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POLLY HARRIS. By Mary Treadgold. Illustrated by Pat Marriott. New York: Doubleday & Co. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

The scene of this English adventure story is a queer old part of London down near the Thames River. Caroline and Mick Templeton, whom boys and girls will remember from "Left Till Called For," live on one of the Channel islands. They come to Tide's Reach to be coached for their entrance examination to a new boarding school and find themselves involved in a plot to smuggle furs out of England to the "dollar" countries. The *Polly Harris* is a boat belonging to the Gotchkiss family, who are planning to sail on her to Australia. They as well as the "gang" called The Prettyman Hard Chaps have a lively time following the criminal O'Leary around London and getting to the bottom of the mystery. The setting of the story is fascinating, and there are some unusual and interesting characters. The drawings by Pat Marriott of the Thames and the older parts of London are unusual, too. They emphasize the background and, in the figures, the vigor and enterprise of Mike, Caroline, and the Hard Chaps.

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New Scribner Books for Younger Readers

JEANNE-MARIE HAS WON THE PICTURE BOOK AWARD IN THE HERALD TRIBUNE SPRING BOOK FESTIVAL

JEANNE-MARIE COUNTS HER SHEEP

by Françoise

The critics have agreed that this is one of the most charming, artistic and childlike books of the spring. Jeanne-Marie is full of plans for what she will buy when her pet sheep Patapon has one—or maybe even ten lambs! The pictures show Jeanne-Marie's plans, and the dreamed-of lambs appear, one after the other in a green field! A combination story and counting book. *Age 3-6, $2*

HELLO JUDY! STORIES

by Charlotte Becker

A fat little book full of color pictures and stories of the everyday adventures of three small children. Judy celebrates her birthday, goes to the farm, and plays at home with her friends.
Age 3-6, $2.00

MILK FOR YOU

by G. Warren Schloat, Jr.

Where does milk come from? Warren and Andy find out, and the whole story is told in human-interest photographs and captions, with sketches to show what goes on *inside* the cow. *Age 5-10, $2*

JOCKIE: A Story of Prince Edward Island

by Lilla Stirling

An intriguing tale of a boy and his horse and their delightful experiences on the Canadian island. Illustrated by Bob Meyers. *Age 6-10, $2*

WILL JAMES BOOK OF COWBOY STORIES

For boys who like cowboy stories—and they are a large group—this is a fine collection of stories by the famous cowboy writer Will James. His stories and sketches are arranged so that they picture year-round life on the ranch, and every phase of real cowboy life. *Age 9 and over, $2.75*

CITY NEIGHBOR

The Story of Jane Addams

by Clara Ingram Judson

Girls will enjoy reading this interesting biography of one of America's outstanding social workers, and the part she played in establishing the first settlement house—Hull House in Chicago. *Older girls, $2.50*

at your bookseller

THREE BOYS AND A LIGHTHOUSE

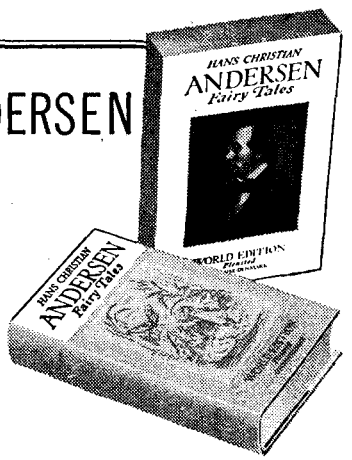
by Nan Hayden Agle and Ellen Wilson

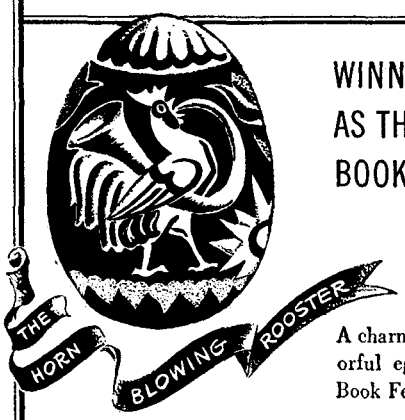
We think that these two authors are a "find," for they know how to write simply, yet with style and humor. A fun-filled story of three boys, Abercrombie, Benjamin and Christopher, and their remarkable summer in a lighthouse. Pictures as lively as the text. *Age 5-8, $2.00*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Fairy Tales

This lovely edition comes to us from Denmark, Andersen's home country. The new translation by R. P. Keigwin is considered to be one of the best. The illustrations are reproduced from the originals by Vilhelm Pedersen, who first illustrated these famous stories.
All ages, $2.50





WINNER OF THE CALDECOTT AWARD AS THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PICTURE BOOK OF 1950

THE EGG TREE

by Katherine Milhous

A charming, spring-like story that tells how to make colorful egg trees. Honor book 1950 Children's Spring Book Festival. *Age 5-8, $2.00*

• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS •

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A dog family saga for the picture book age

SOPHIE AND HER PUPPIES

by DOROTHY STERLING, with photographs by *MYRON EHRENBERG.* Enchanting pictures-with-story of Sophie, the dachshund; her puppies; and how they grew. Ages 3-6. $2.50

OPEN SEASON

by JAMES L. SUMMERS. Teen-agers and their "Big Moments" – date-wise and otherwise—in a new book of stories by one of the most popular contributors to *Seventeen,* etc. High School age. $2

THE MYSTERY OF THE POLLY HARRIS

by MARY TREADGOLD. Drawings by *Pat Marriott.* Action-filled story of a modern mystery and chase through the "old city" section of London. Ages 10-12. $2.50

THE WABASH KNOWS THE SECRET

by ELISABETH HAMILTON FRIERMOOD Illustrated by *Grace Paull.* River-loving Henrietta finds mystery and romance in this warm story of life on the Wabash in the 1800's. Teen ages. $2.50

CALIFORNIA MISSION DAYS

by HELEN BAUER. The romantic story of the missions, with *more than 60 photos* which include scenes of mission life and mission buildings past and present. Ages 8-12. $2.50

Published May 24th

*Prizewinner**

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by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and HELEN FERRIS. "A must for anybody from the age of 10 to 110."—BENNETT CERF. Over 100 photographs, and color endpapers showing UN flags. 2nd large printing, $3

*Child Study Association of America Award for 1950

At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY Jr. BOOKS

Garden City, N. Y.

Birds & Animals

THE MOUSEWIFE. By Rumer Godden. With pictures by William Pène Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 47 *pp.* $2.

AS IN her story about Tottie, the little farthing doll, Rumer Godden brings to her little gray housemouse, who "did all the things that a mousewife does," an endearing and memorable personality. She was a good wife and mother but through the caged wood dove she learned to look beyond her husband, her children, and the care of her nest to the stars in the night sky. One night she could not sleep, thinking of the wood dove shut up, perhaps forever, in a cage. So she slipped out into the room, lifted the catch of the cage in her teeth, and held it bravely until the wood dove realized that the door would open. She watched him spread his wings and fly away to freedom through the open window.

She is an old mousewife now, much respected by the whole mouse colony. "She is a little different from them, though she looks the same. I think she knows something they do not."

Miss Godden found the germ of this enchanting story in the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. It is illustrated by an artist who brings distinction to all that he does. These soft gray drawings show deep feeling, humor, and beauty of design. This is one of the most beautiful of the spring books for 1951.

HORACE, THE HOUND THAT HOWLED. Story and pictures by Ruth M. Collins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. No paging. $2.50.

THIS is a delightful and a most amusing book. For some reason it makes it funnier to have the background of Horace a little Breton fishing village than it would if Horace had lived in America. Patrick Jeane-Marie McGillicuddy, who owned Horace, had a French mother and an Irish father. Horace was presented to Patrick on his tenth birthday. The small and very individual dog proceeded to ingratiate himself not only with the family but with the entire population of the village. Then one day a lobster pinched his tail, and Horace howled. Instantly everyone consoled him, petted him, and gave him delicious tidbits.

Therefore, Horace howled frequently. It was too easy! But it annoyed Mrs. McGillicuddy, so the severe English governess was commissioned to remove Horace to the farm

—*From "Horace."*

where Pierre kept pigs and played to them on bagpipes. Horace howled there—but it made little impression on the pigs and the bagpipes. So Horace unescorted returned to the village just as a pair of thieves were engaged in robbing the McGillicuddy home. They had left the front door open, so Horace crept in—and howled. The roused household ably assisted by Horace drove the thieves away, and Horace became the hero of the village. He never howled again in the house, only when he visited Pierre and the pigs.

In both text and pictures this is an exceptionally clever book. It is impossible not to laugh at and love Horace.

SKIT AND SKAT. Story and pictures by Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 42 *pp.* $1.50.

Skit was a black cocker puppy, and Skat was a Persian kitten. Both are drawn from life, and Morgan Dennis admits that he had quite a time getting them to pose. The drawings, printed in black on smooth white pages, are as attractive, if not quite as funny as those that Mr. Dennis made for "The Pup Himself" and "Burlap." Skit's expression when Skat begins to make herself at home in *his* house is irresistible, as is the contrast between his absurd and lovable poses and Skat's grace and dignity.

THE WILD LITTLE HONKER. Story by Dorothy Childs Hogner. Pictures by Nils Hogner. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.50.

Drawings of wild geese in every imaginable pose at rest and in action illustrate this story for little children of a goose family that settled down to live on the banks of the Bronx River in Westchester. A frog, a fierce-looking cat, and an occasional human be-

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ing are characters, too; but the geese and particularly the little wild honker dominate the book. The drawings are in black-and-white.

SUNFLIGHT. By Elizabeth B. Meigs. Illustrated by George Avison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 118 pp. $2.50.

The scene of this tale is Northern Mexico in the eighteenth century. It was a time when the Spanish conquerors were brutal to the native Indians. Felipe was an Indian, but his master, Don Tomas, was an exception to the Spanish aristocrats. The Indians on his property were treated as human beings.

The story tells of Felipe and of the golden palamino Sunflight, which was his joy and pride, of the cruelty of the Spanish officer Don Alonzo Sagredo when first Sunflight and then Felipe came into his power, of Sunflight's escape and his wild trek into the mountains, of their final reunion and the "reata" duel on horseback that gave the victory to Don Alonzo's rival and Felipe's protector, young Don Francisco. It is a dramatic story, seasoned with the intimate knowledge of horses that we find in Elizabeth Meigs's earlier books. The realism in Don Alfredo's treatment of Felipe and Sunflight gives it strength and makes it a story for the older rather than the younger boys and girls.

LET THEM LIVE. By Dorothy P. Lathrop. New York: The Macmillan Co. 80 pp. $2.

Dorothy Lathrop's beautiful black-and-white drawings make this a book for art lovers as well as for everyone who is concerned with the preservation of wild animals and birds. It is a plea for the wild things that have been deprived of their natural dwelling places and their food and security through man's carelessness and greed. Through the fur trade, through the draining of marshes, etc., we have disturbed the balance of nature and the loss is a serious one. Her drawings of the trumpeter swan, the white-tailed deer, the snowy egret are not only lovely in design; they tell a detailed story about the bird or animal and its natural background. Boys and girls will find the text informing and interesting. Everyone, young and old, will gain pleasure and profit from the drawings.

SCRATCHY. By John Parke. Illustrated by Charles L. Ripper. New York: William Morrow & Co. 126 pp. $2.

Scratchy was a cat, and the story is told entirely from his point of view;

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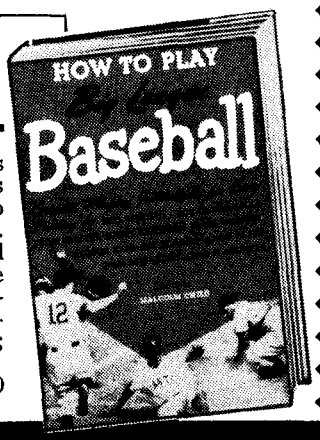

Edited by MALCOLM CHILD. Virginia Kirkus calls this "A Big League Hit" for boys who play baseball and for anyone who wants a better understanding of the game. Each position on the team is discussed thoroughly by an outstanding major league player and a final chapter gives the overall strategy of the game from the manager's point of view. 74 action photographs; 24 drawings by Marilyn Fisher.
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you might almost say that it is told from his sense of smell! Scratchy was not a happy cat. The people whom he lived with did not understand cats. There was in the family, also, a very disagreeable dog. So Scratchy ran away.

He had a most miserable night on a dock that was built over what Scratchy thought of as "Nothing." He had never seen the ocean before. But in this strange place there was a smell that had featured in Scratchy's dreams —the smell of fresh fish. And when old Bert, the fisherman from Dorigo Island, arrived with his catch Scratchy found the things that all his life he had been seeking. There in old Bert's house on the island were the things that he had longed for: freedom to come and go, freedom from annoying dogs, food and warmth and affection and, always, delicious smells. Scratchy took it calmly when old Bert and his wife renamed him Jake. The name "Scratchy" had never appealed to him.

It is unusual to find in a story for younger boys and girls so complete an identification of an animal. Scratchy is a *character*. One could never forget him. The drawings of Scratchy and old Bert are just exactly right.

WIND RUNNER: The Story of an African Antelope. Written and illustrated by G. W. Barrington. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

This unusual story of the impala antelope in Central Africa is written by an English author and artist who obviously knows intimately the background and the wild animals. In both text and drawings it will be appreciated by older rather than younger children.

This is a tense, exciting saga of three years in the life cycle of Fleet, the Wind Runner, of his escape from larger animals, his assumption of leadership in the herd, his meeting with a man in the person of David Templeton, naturalist and explorer, and his relationship with the Zulu natives, who regard him as sacred because of his peculiar markings. When Templeton wins him through caring for a festering gun-shot wound Fleet agrees to wear a leather collar with brass studs. This collar adds to the superstitious awe that the natives feel for him when Fleet leaves Templeton and assumes again leadership of the herd.

In the end Templeton goes back to civilization and Fleet "goes over the horizon" leading the does and fawns. The drawings are beautiful, and the background of Old Lake in Central Africa is unusually convincing.

PAGAN: A Border Patrol Horse. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Another of Colonel Meek's good animal stories, this tells about Pagan, who belonged to Inspector Ted Cameron of the Border Patrol centered at the Presidio. It is a fast-moving record of tracing the "mojados," the Mexican laborers who try to cross illegally into the United States, of catching smugglers of illegal goods and, on one occasion, pursuing a murderer. As in all Colonel Meek's books, the relationship between a man and his horse or dog is the basis of the good work done by both.

WILD HUNTER. By K. C. Randall. Illustrations by Manning DeV. Lee. New York: Franklin Watts. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

IT IS difficult to analyze the holding power of this story about a setter dog, bred for pheasant hunting, and the boy who saved her after a hunting accident that made her "gun shy." There is nothing dramatic or glamorous about either the dog, Princess, or the boy, Bob Armitage. Both were undersized and far from handsome. But as the story rises to its climax in the field trial, when Princess wins back her standing, the reader is with them heart and soul, as tense as the gallery that watched the trial. This holding power is probably largely due to the fact that Mr. Randall is especially good at creating people. Bob and his father and mother, the old headguide at the Gun Club, Al Doane, and the Club president, Jim Sewell, are all logical and likable. We know them *not only* as they appear outwardly but we know what they feel and think. There is something very moving in old Al Doane when he finds that Bob's instinctive faith in Princess can win what seventy years of experience with setters had counted lost. With the characters and the action of this satisfying story is the background of Michigan woods and meadows in the golden days of October. Everyone who

—*From "Wild Hunter."*

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loves the bright days and crisp nights of a northern autumn can revel in the scenes and scents that Mr. Randall recreates so vividly. Manning Lee has made for the story black-and-white sketches as chapter-headings and effective end-papers printed in golden brown. It is a book for grown-ups as well as for boys and girls.

THE POETIC PARROT. By Margaret Mackay. New York: The John Day Co. 96 pp. $2.50.

Kurt Wiese has illustrated this amusing story about a parrot in the Central Park Zoo who spoke in rhymes. The two children of his keeper, Tommy and Tootsie, were very fond of the parrot, so there was great excitement when he escaped from the Bird House. The police, the Fire Department the SPCA, and the Animal Welfare League all tried to catch Percy, to the intense interest of the citizens of New York. He flew around the Zoo, insulting all the animals in rhymed verse, making remarks about the horses that pull the victorias on Fifty-ninth Street, and finally managing to get inside Schwartz's toy store. He spent a very satisfying night with the toys and succeeded in scaring off two burglars who had come to steal the more expensive items. For this Percy became so famous that he had his photograph in all the newspapers, went on a television show, and played in a movie. Kurt Wiese's drawings of Percy and the seals are funny and satisfying.

SNOW CLOUD. By Gerald Raftery. New York: William Morrow & Co. 189 pp. $2.

Gerald Raftery's story of a boy and a wolf that he trained to be as loyal and devoted and far more skilful than a dog will be remembered by boys and girls. In this tale, laid on a mountain farm in Vermont, Ken finds and tames a wonderful gray stallion that is running wild in the upland pastures. Snow Cloud hated men because in his early youth he had been badly treated by a man; but he had had a boy master whom he trusted so he was not afraid of Ken. Boy and horse come vividly to life as we read how Ken instilled in the stallion confidence and the habit of obedience. Snow Cloud turned out to be a good detective in the tracing of some cattle thieves, and his courage and intelligence when he and Ken were caught in a terrible storm saved both their lives. There is a happy ending to the story—a story that tells against a convincing New England background of the growing affection and confidence between a boy and a horse.

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The World

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL: 1951. Edited by E. V. McLoughlin. New York: The Grolier Society. 424 *pp.* $7.50.

AMONG the names of writers for this current "Annual" there are many that boys and girls will immediately recognize. Margaret Wise Brown has an article on writing for little children; John Ringling North has one on scouting for talent for his circus; Fairfield Osborn one on conservation; Wilfrid Bronson one on grasshoppers; Padraic Colum one on the Round Towers of Ireland; Walt Disney one on creating animal characters, and Bing Crosby one on inventions. There is the usual review of world events country by country, and a number of articles on science. May Lamberton Becker reviews the year's books for children, and Hilda Grieder has an article called "What Is a Classic?" One of the best of the new articles by Charles Kettering, the engineer, helps boys and girls look toward the future and their place in a complicated world. There is optimism in it and faith in the democratic way of life. The photographs and drawings are what we have learned to expect in "The Book of Knowledge Annual."

ALL AROUND YOU. Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Foreword by Glenn A. Blough. New York: Whittlesey House. 48 *pp.* $2.

A picture book with illustrations in color, this gives in a simple and attractive form a good deal of information about the physical world and the creatures who live in it. It is a book that will answer many half-formed questions that occur to little children as they come into contact with heat and cold, sun and rain, birds and animals and insects, plants and trees and flowers. The drawings are attractive, especially the "double" title page.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD: A Brief Account of the Early Days of the Earth as Told in Letters to His Daughter. By Jawaharlal Nehru. Sketches by Richard Albany. New York: John Day Co. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

Through this series of letters Nehru introduces the reader to "short accounts of the story of our earth." He points to the stories to be read in rocks and fossils, tells of the sun, the formation of the earth and moon, and of the earliest life in water and on land. The gradual emergence of man, the people of the Stone Age, the Lake Dwellers, the beginning of races, of language and religion and the division of labor are all briefly described. The development of tribes, the patriarch, and the emergence of modern government are traced. The great civilizations of Egypt and Crete, China and India, and the coming of the Aryans to India are mentioned. The book seeks to answer the child's first questions about his world, its formation and its people. Although the treatment must of necessity be brief there is enough substance to stimulate curiosity and to provide a sound basis for future reading.

—RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

INDIAN HEROES. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

The list of heroes in this book, first published in 1928, will attract many young readers. Here, to name some of them, are the clever and crafty King Philip, the friendly Squanto, Black Hawk, and Sitting Bull. Here are Pontiac, Logan, Tecumseh, and Geronimo. Here is the Miami chief who after his defeat journeyed to Philadelphia, was greeted by Washington, and sat for a portrait by Gilbert Stuart. The well-known stories of Pocahontas and of the sale of Manhattan Island are here, too. Pocahontas's story is presented as it was embellished so many years ago by John Smith's tendency to write fiction. While many, or perhaps most, of the accounts seem to stay close to fact, all the fancy of the great Virginia storyteller is accepted here. This cannot but detract from a book purporting to be fact or, as the fly leaf says, "true adventure tales."

Most readers will enjoy the book and will understand more clearly the Indians' position in their fight to hold parts of the North American continent. Mr. McSpadden presents his material in an interesting way and with sympathy for the original Americans.

—R. A. B.

THE APACHE INDIANS: Raiders of the Southwest. By Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by Althea Karr. New York: William Morrow & Co. 157 *pp.* $2.

THIS colorful story will allow most children who read it to feel that they know intimately the Apache Indians. The building of the round, graceful wickiups, the gathering of plants for food and medicine, the drying of meat, vegetables, and skins, the making of clothes, the use of the metate mano, the marriage customs, the hunting trips, and other descriptions of tribal life are all fascinating. The days of the Apache children were full of change and excitement, for their

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elders imposed few restrictions. The children wandered happily about, watching the return of the hunters, the drying of skins, and the making of pottery. Girls soon helped to grind the clay, mix it with sand and water, and wind the long, thin coils into pots. The boys made wooden war clubs, spears, bows, and shields. They ran races and played at hunting and raiding.

When game was scarce the Apache would raid other tribes, often traveling a hundred miles or more into enemy territory. This won them a reputation for daring and savagery. With the coming of the white man there were new conflicts as the Apache refused to be subdued. In 1776, like the American colonists, the Apache were fighting for their freedom against the Spanish determination to wipe out their tribe. When the United States took over the Southwest in 1846 the Americans agreed to keep the Apache within their borders. The story here includes runaways, the adventures of Kit Carson, of Cochise, of Geronimo, and the final change of the Apache to reservation Indians. The detailed and interesting treatment provided by Miss Bleeker, a distinguished anthropologist, leaves the reader with a real appreciation and respect for these courageous people. The numerous illustrations have a tremendous appeal to young readers and add to their understanding.

—MARIAN RAYBURN BROWN.

THE STORY OF ARTURO TOSCANINI. By David Ewen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 142 pp. $2.50.

In Parma, Italy, the Toscanini family was not numbered among the great or the wealthy. Claudio Toscanini was a poor tailor whose greatest pleasure was the opera. Almost as soon as the only son, Arturo, was able to sit upright he was placed in a chair near the fire in the kitchen to listen to the group of friends who gathered to sing their favorite selections. At the age of eight Arturo entered the local school. It was his second-grade teacher who introduced the boy to a piano. Due to her interest Claudio undertook to have his son coached for the conservatory. By the time Arturo was eleven his work was so outstanding that for the next seven years the conservatory paid his board and tuition. The poor food, severe discipline, and long hours could not dampen his enthusiasm for music.

Toscanini's successful conducting of a major orchestra at nineteen, his drive for perfection, his rages and humility, his respect for the composer of the music that he played, and, above all, his hatred of oppression

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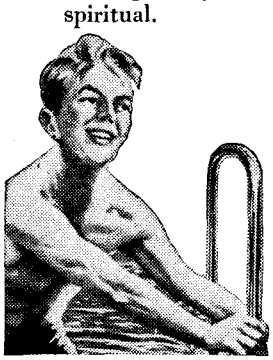

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and tyranny make this biography a fascinating one. The great conductor emerges as a very real person, steadfast and courageous, stimulating and human. Mr. Ewen's knowledge of music and his personal contacts with Toscanini have enabled him to write a distinguished biography.

—M. R. B.

JOHN WESLEY. By May McNeer and Lynd Ward. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 96 pp. $2.50.

"He taught them his methodical ways of study and work, and so they came to be called Methodists."

John Wesley's is the story of the founding of the Methodist Society, which later became the Methodist Church. This account begins with John's birth on June 17, 1703, in the little village of Epworth in Lincolnshire. He was one of nineteen children of a minister who struggled all his life against poverty and debt. It was Susanna Wesley, John's mother, who educated her children and taught them self-discipline and "the good way of life." John and Charles were sent to the Charterhouse School and then to Oxford, and John was ordained a minister of England. His message was for everyone, rich or poor, but his influence spread rapidly among the poor and the oppressed. Mrs. Ward tells his story simply and convincingly. Lynd Ward's pictures, in black-and-white and in color, show first the country of Wesley's childhood and then London and Oxford and the many places where he preached saying, "All the world is my parish." The reproduction of the black-and-white drawings is good, but the color illustrations are less satisfying. The color is too dark, and in the faces of the people there is too much red. The most satisfying is the picture of the parsonage at Epworth, where John Wesley was born.

Books for Older Boys

QUEST OF THE SAGES' STONE. By Nathan Reinherz. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 262 pp. $2.75.

THE AUTHOR of "Trumpets at the Crossroads" tells a dramatic story set in London and the North of England in 1487. The hero is David Carvell, apprenticed to a chemist-alchemist concerned in the search for the Sages' Stone, which, people believe, can turn baser metals into gold. Uncle Cuyler, the chemist, has heard of a fabulous book that tells the secret, and he sends David up to Leeds to get it. It is held by an outlaw, Redfist, and there follows a strenuous and exciting battle, physical and mental, between Redfist and his followers and David, young Paul Twightener, Gregory Thane the shepherd lad, Jack Daw, and Father Jeremy. The scene in Redfist's castle where the outlaws are overcome and the book found is a tense one. It is then that David and Paul discover what Gregory Thane has known all along—that the book is not an alchemist's secret but a beautiful volume called "The Jewel of New Life" inscribed in the eighth century by a Roman monk, Theodoctus. When Father Jeremy reads the text to them David decides to give up alchemy and learn the printing trade from William Caxton in London. We leave him beginning a new career, convinced, as the old book said, that the gold of this world is "the peace-giving and joy-giving gold that a man or boy might earn through service to God and man."

This is an unusual adventure story, illustrated with fine drawings and especially satisfying in type and format.

—From "John Wesley."

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OPEN SEASON. By James L. Summers. New York: Doubleday & Co. 182 pp. $2.

These eleven short shories are taken from the magazines *Seventeen* and *Senior Prom.* They tell of the emotional impact of first love among teen-age boys and girls. One of the best is "The Long Year" told by Bill, who has to spend a year in a sanitarium leaving behind him, as he thinks, the girl he loves. But Joan convinces him that "a girl has a right to hope and believe. She has a right to add her strength and courage to that of the boy she loves."

NORTH WOODS WHAMMY. By Clyde Brion Davis. Illustrated by Hargens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 219 pp. $2.50.

TONY BRISTOL was a city boy who had no special desire to visit the big woods; but a fishing trip in the Canadian wilderness was his father's pet day-dream, so when the opportunity came Tony went along to humor his dad. With Pete Fox, an Indian guide, they canoed beyond civilization, and every mile increased the boy's doubts about his father's ability to make good in that environment. And, more, he doubted Pete's honesty Then the "whammy," or Indian curse, began to work and things got desperate. How Mr. Bristol licked the whammy and revealed Pete's true character is nicely done writing.

This story will appeal to any boy or to any adult who loves fishing and an outdoor life. The characterization is excellent, the conversation convincing. There is considerable suspense and a sympathetic insight into Indian character.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

AVALANCHE PATROL. By Montgomery M. Atwater. New York: Random House. 247 pp. $2.50.

The author of this book is a forest ranger for the Wasatch National Forest, where there is a famous ski resort. Brad Davis, a forester, takes over the ski resort at Snowhole and finds not only a great responsibility for the safety of the sportsmen but a mystery in the disappearance of his predecessor, Max Luthi. Brad discovers Max's body in an abandoned tunnel under the mountain. Then comes the long and dangerous task of identifying his murderer. Knowledge of the country, a contagious enthusiasm for skiing, and an ability to create convincing characters make this an unusually good adventure tale.

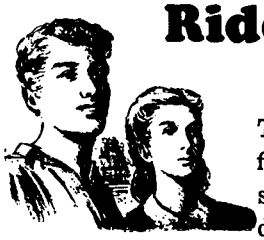
JEFF WHITE: YOUNG TRAPPER. By Lew Dietz. Illustrated by William Moyers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 191 pp. $2.50.

Lew Dietz's first story of the Maine woods introduced Jeff, the son of the famous guide Luke White. In this book Jeff decides to go into the Deer River wilderness for the winter, trapping beaver. Into an unusually convincing record, with its glimpses of wild animals, is woven the story of a "bad man" of the woods. Jeff and his friend Skipper Doggett unravel a mystery that has been troubling the state police and the game wardens for some time. This is a good story and a practical guide to living "on your own" in the northern forests.

STATE CHAMPS. By Leon E. Burgoyne. Illustrated by Joseph Bolden. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 210 pp. $2.50.

When an injury kept Bob Neilsen out of the season's first basketball games he was sportsman enough to take over as manager of his team. He did good work there and by midseason was back at center.

The narration is not unusual, though well done. The technical side of the story is what makes it good. Mr.



Ride Out Singing

By Alice F. Loomis

The story of Phyllis Vernon's first year in Canada and of her struggle to find a place in this dramatic, new country. There were the isolation, the winter blizzards, the fright of prairie fire; but there were also the good times and warm friendships, and there was Kent, whom she loved. *Publishers' Weekly* says: "A well-written novel for teen-age girls."

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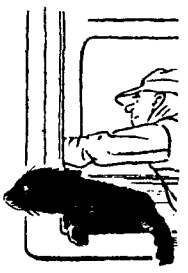

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By STEPHEN HOLT. Ray Bell saves the family ranch in his father's absence, amidst exciting scenes that are "not only good adventure, but credible." — *Los Angeles Times.* Ages 12-16. $2.50

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By MARGARET J. BAKER. "Happy reading for the child who responds to the lure of romantic old castles and hidden treasure." — *Chicago Tribune. Illus.* Ages 10-14. $2.50

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Burgoyne is a high-school coach who has guided the St. Joseph, Michigan, team to the state championship. His descriptions of numerous games are exciting reading and so informative as to be well worth studying by young aspirants. The build-up is so natural that the final victory, while dramatic, is a logical and satisfying climax. It is a fairly good book by a beginner who shows promise in this particular field.
—M. P. A.

THE BASE-STEALER. By Mary Graham Bonner. Illustrated by Bob Meyers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 173 pp. $2.50.

Harry East was a youngster from the West who had a real talent for playing baseball. Much against his will, he found he was obliged to spend the summer vacation in New York City. At first the outlook was dismal and he was despondent, but he made friends and through them found a place on one of the ball teams maintained by the Police Athletic League. How he and his team fought their way to the top of the League is a story that will hold all younger boys who love baseball.

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LODESTAR: Rocket Ship to Mars. By Franklyn M. Branley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 248 pp. $2.50.

This record of a trip to Mars in a rocket ship is by a scientist who teaches in the Horace Mann School in New York. The construction of the ship, the equipment, the power that sends it away from the surface of the earth are all based upon known facts. The landing on Mars and what the three Americans find there are, of course, fantastic. Much of the value of the book for older boys lies in its detailed treatment of the preparation and the take-off. Even the two months that they spend on the journey through space is factual and convincing. The time of the story is 1970. Younger boys know so much nowadays about rockets and space-ships that they will probably claim this as their book. There is a good deal in it, however, that will interest their older brothers.

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Books for Older Girls

ORGANDY CUPCAKES. By Mary Stolz. New York: Harper & Bros. 213 pp. $2.50.

MARY STOLZ follows up an unusually good story of last year with an even better one. It tells of three girls in their final year of nurses' training in a hospital near New York. "Organdy cupcakes" is the name given by one of their mothers to the graduate nurses' caps. One of the girls, Gretchen, has beauty, poise, self-confidence, and an "outgoing" personality. Nellie is a dreamer who longs for adventure and clings to her dreams with admirable tenacity. Rosemary is attractive and appealing but oversensitive and uncertain of herself until a young interne-psychologist points out to her the road to self-confidence. Miss Stolz brings into the story the home background of each girl, showing the influences that made her what she is. She handles most successfully a rather conventional situation when Gretchen, the most interesting of the three girls, falls in love with a successful popular doctor and is loved by him. This tale is told so well, with such human and lovable overtones, that it is both moving and convincing. The background of the hospital with its personal equations, its politics, and its high standard of service is drawn with understanding and a touch of humor. The characters are real people who are good to know and hard to forget.

RIDE OUT THE STORM. By Margaret E. Bell. New York: William Morrow & Co. 256 pp. $2.50.

WHEN Lisbeth Craig left her home on the south coast of Alaska for her first year in a California church school Long Paul, the Swedish worker at her father's cannery, whom Lisbeth had known all her life, told her, "First thing you do, you chart the school and all the people, every last one of 'em. Then set your course and steer right through. Don't let anybody else steer for you." But Long Paul could hardly have foreseen the storms that were to deflect Lisbeth's course. Her roommate, a senior, was a spoiled, sophisticated girl with utterly different background and standards, who deliberately accused Lisbeth of stealing. It was only through the intelligence and loyalty of one of the younger girls that the plot was uncovered and Lisbeth's innocence established. Those weeks of misery that a schoolgirl can suffer

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Illustrated by MABEL JONES WOODBURY
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without the knowledge of the teachers are described with an understanding and power that make this an unusual story. Mrs. Bell gives us enough of Lisbeth's background, her people, her love of the northern home, her innate honesty and courage to make the impact of the experience strong and dramatic. She has drawn a fine character in Lisbeth Craig.

CALLING FOR ISABEL. By Virginia-Murrill Jeffries. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 177 pp. $2.25.

This is in a sense a career story. The scene is Kentucky, and the heroine is the older daughter of a professor who has married a rich wife and lives with his family in a dignified old house filled with beautiful things. Isabel Taylor can follow in her mother's footsteps and become a society "belle" or she can develop her own inner impulse to give her brains a chance and have a career. In the end she finds that one can have both social success and a profession—as well as a love story. Facing these questions and finding the answers in her feeling for Mark, in her family relationships, as well as in the professional world bring out in Isabel qualities that make her an interesting and convincing heroine. A touch of humor is added by the Taylor twins, girls who look, dress, and act exactly alike until they find that two of them cannot very well have only one "beau" and marry only one man! Older girls will find in this one of the best of the stories published this spring.

HETTY OF THE GRANDE DELUXE. By Florence Crannell Means. Illustrated by Helen Blair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 188 pp. $2.50.

When Hetty and her father and mother moved from an attractive little house in Boulder to a shabby, run-down apartment in Denver sixteen-year-old Hetty faced a difficult adjustment. The only girl of her age in the Grande Deluxe was a girl in an Arkansas family who had been migratory workers. The only boy of her age was a cripple from infantile paralysis. In the high school the dominant group were from more prosperous families and tended to be snobbish and intolerant. Hetty was an impulsive young person, but she had learned tolerance from her parents. This is the background for a story that, like others by this author, presents a social problem and a heroine who solves it for herself and for others.

The illustrations are unusual. They are "close-ups" of the characters printed in a rather bright green. Fine drawings in themselves, we would like them better in black.

PEDDLER'S GIRL. By Elizabeth Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. 240 pp. $2.50.

Elizabeth Howard gives her new novel for older girls a rather unusual setting. Lucilla Taylor lived in Detroit in the year 1830. Her mother and father were dead, and she had one younger brother, Elijah. One of her uncles was a very upright and respectable citizen, conventional and narrow-minded. The other, Uncle Adam, was a peddler, driving about the country in his gaily painted cart, the friend and confidant of the country people. Lucilla was given the choice of living the life that Uncle Reuben selected for her in Detroit or going with Uncle Adam "on the road" in a peddler's cart. Much to Elijah's joy she chose Uncle Adam, and this is the story of their summer travels through the countryside. It is also Lucy's love story. Her Detroit suitor, Mr. Hartley, had asked for her hand, and Lucy thinks of him as her future husband. But on the road she meets an itinerant artist, Jotham Muir, and then and there Lucy really falls in love. There are obstacles in the way, including Mr. Hartley, but the book ends happily. The background is convincing, and Lucy is a very sympathetic heroine. This should be even more popular than Miss Howard's earlier book, "North Winds Blow Free."

RIDE OUT SINGING. By Alice F. Loomis. New York: Whittlesey House. 224 pp. $2.50.

This is an interesting novel in an unusual setting. Phyllis Vernon came from England to Canada to keep house for her brother, who had bought a farm on the prairie. What she found was a harsh climate, unending housework, and a complete lack of gracious living. But she met people who interested her deeply. She fell in love, not once but twice, and made the right choice in the end. There are some gay scenes in the story, when Phyllis goes to the ball given by the Northwest Mounted Police, when she learns to ride, and on out-door picnics. There are tense times when she is left with two sick men, snowed-in, with the stock to care for. Phyllis is an admirable character—sensitive, individual, courageous.

THE WABASH KNOWS THE SECRET. By Elisabeth Hamilton Friermood. Illustrated by Grace Paull. New York: Doubleday & Co. 239 pp. $2.50.

This story begins on a May day in 1892 when Henrietta Hale sat beside the Wabash River in Indiana and listened while her Grandfather told how *his* father was killed by men who

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hoped to steal the money from his wheat crop. But Great-grandfather had hidden the money well before the thieves attacked him. "The Wabash knows the secret," he had said. Henrietta loved the river. The sound and sight and feel of it ran in her veins. It was Carlos Romano, the gypsy boy who played so wonderfully on the violin, who found Great-grandfather's money in a crotch of the old sycamore tree beside the river. So the farm mortgage was paid, and the church got a new organ. When Henrietta graduated from school Carlos played a new song about the river that he had composed himself, and Henrietta said the Gettysburg address with such understanding that the people who heard her never forgot it.

These are very real and lovable people: the Hales, Carlos and Henrietta, Grandpa and Grandma Melinda, and Frank Barnett, the schoolmaster.

CLASS RING. By Rosamond du Jardin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 207 pp. $2.50.

Here is more about Toby Heydon, who is now seventeen and deeply involved with her beau, one of the boys in high school. Toby finds that wearing Brose's class ring has certain disadvantages. A thread of humor gives Toby's story lightness and proportion.

TRISH. By Margaret Maze Craig. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 243 pp. $2.50.

Patricia Ingram in her senior year at high school and approaching her seventeenth birthday fell in love for the first time. In a story that is sensitive and honest in its approach to first love we follow Trish through the problems and adjustments of her affair with Dick Keating and her relationship with Bill, the "boy next door." Her meeting with an older college man helps her and she develops a good sense of values.

CATCHPENNY STREET. By Elizabeth Headley. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co. 223 pp. $2.50.

Elizabeth Headley's skill in creating interesting people as characters makes this story of a young girl in the days of the First World War as good as or even better than "A Date for Diana." Aunt Jen and "Pappy," with whom Ellen lives, are logical, lovable people. So are Ellen's two suitors—the attractive self-confident Gordon Baldwin and Tony Wilde, who is shy, ambitious, and endowed with a sense of humor. When in the end Ellen decided on Tony this reviewer breathed a sigh of relief.

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(Continued from page 57)

WRITER LIVING IN COUNTRY offers good home and reasonable salary to unattached woman who is willing and able to combine secretarial duties with supervision of school-age children Literary education, knowledge of shorthand and some experience with children necessary. Please state full particulars preliminary to interview. Box 735-G.

WANTED: houseman, 25-35, by writer in country near Minneapolis, cook, serve, drive, garden. 1½ days off. Separate study for writer-artist, bed, bath. 2 months work. $35 week. Send photograph. Box 682-G.

RENT: FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 2 private rooms, bath, and share attractive country home, easy commutation Manhattan. $125 month. Box 662-G.

PROFESSIONAL MISS mature, happy, likes music, writing, skating, traveling, people. Invites correspondence with like-minded gentleman. Box 663-G.

YOUNG ARTIST, idealistic by nature, mature viewpoint, warm-hearted, creative, fond of music, art, theatre, seeks inspiration from sincere feminine correspondent. Box 664-G.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, Harvard graduate student, driver, intimate knowledge Western Europe, desires summer position. Fluent French, German, Italian. Box 666-G.

SUMMER ON SEBAGO LAKE, MAINE. Want 2 compatible young women to share summer with 2 adults and 3 small fry, 6 to 11. Private cabin, groaning board, plus $15 weekly each in return for washing, cleaning, child-care and campstyle cooking. Electric kitchen, Bendix. Middle June to Labor Day. Box 667-G.

APARTMENT NEAR COLUMBIA, librarian, wife, quiet cocker. July, August, $150. Box 669-G.

ICONOCLASTIC COLLEGE MAN, cultured but not educated, needs correspondence with untolled belles of similar tastes. Box 670-G.

FOR SALE: 2 adjoining Adirondack cottages (Keene Valley), fully equipped, fully electrified, fireplaces shower baths, 2-car garage; mile from village, on mountainside, with view. G. F. Bowerman, The Ontario, Washington 9, D.C.

BACHELOR, all of whose friends work during the summer, seeks blythe spirit 30's, to roam in trusty Plymouth any direction, 3 to 6 weeks between July 1 and August 1. Share driving and expenses. Box 673-G.

WANTED: Programs, posters, photographs of Parisian and other European music hall performances and performers. Box 674-G.

GAL FRIDAY to busy executive, writer, publisher, seeks job in country for summer or longer in pleasant surroundings. Well-educated, capable, reliable; speaks, writes and types well; pleasing appearance and personality. Driver's license; free to travel. Would consider high-class resort hotel. Box 675-G.

SUMMER RENT, cottage, 9 rooms, 2 baths, waterfront, Long Island, N. Y. $1,800 season. Box 683-G.

SUBLET June, July, perhaps August. Spacious studio-living room, bath, kitchen, 3 beds. Riverside, 79 St. 2nd floor. Convenient, charming. $200 month. Box 677-G.

YOUNG MAN, making U.S. tour this summer, desires interesting correspondence with local viewpoint, on unusual things to do and see. Box 678-G.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

100% FREETHINKER seeks correspondence with available freethinker miss. Box 476-G.

WHAT IRREVERENT MISS enjoys symphony, solitude, nature, reading? Box 595-G.

CHARMING old 5-room house, completely furnished in antiques. Adults only. Rental $150 a month. Emily Vail, Warwick, N. Y.

AT THE INTELLECTUAL BYRDCLIFFE, a fine camp for your children. THE FRENCH CAMP, Woodstock, N.Y. Telephone 9489.

HOMESITES in Artist Acres, good soil, near Gulf beaches. $300. Harry Tracy, Englewood, Florida.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write: Catholic Information Society, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

PERSONALS

ARTIST, having property and grounds ideal for secluded colony in lovely village upstate, would welcome in professionals and patrons as associates. Box 679-G.

WOULD WRITER (not frustrated) write to girl who writes? Box 533-G.

MALE TEACHER contemplating modest rambling car trip west, June, considering companion. Box 598-G.

FOR RENT: Casa Azul, Hacienda Chorrillo, write Apartado Postal 24, Taxco, Mexico. 2 bedrooms, modern conveniences, swimming, sports, garden, privacy.

SUCCESSFUL YOUNG ARSONIST wants female accomplice for International Deal—campfires at ELAN Center. Box 302-G.

JOAN S.—We chose MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO. to move us because of the excellent job they did for Mary. When you sign your lease, Phone Mr. Star, REgent 4-6700 (NYC) for a FREE estimate.

SCOTTISH CASTLE. Room and board, 3 pounds daily. References required. Box 905, Falls Church, Virginia.

MALE THEATRE-LOVER, graduate government student, seeks anybody's correspondence or summer employment. Box 641-G.

COLLEGE FRENCH STUDENT wants passage and expenses to France during summer vacation. Will care for children, be lady's companion. Can type. References required by my parent. Box 642-G.

CONSULTANT, TEACHER, oral deaf, anywhere. Reference with inquiry. Box 835, Riverdale, New Jersey.

MAINE FISHING VILLAGE. Seaside apartment and small camp for rent. Modern conveniences. Eleanor Blair, Cottage Street, Wellesley, Mass.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT. 1 or 2-room apartment, beautiful estate, monthly, weekly. P. O. Box 333.

GAL with publicity, writing and general business background, wants job as assistant to sales manager. Box 647-G.

PSYCHOLOGIST Ph. D. seeks interesting, remunerative summer position. Foreign travel preferred. Box 649-G.

WOMAN WRITER, single, wishes share her home on Mobile Bay with another woman writer, permanently. $30 a month. Box 650-G.

SAILING-HUNGRY creative gal invites boat-talk from cruise-loving auxiliary owner. Box 651-G.

RECORD-HAPPY? Relax when you hear your favorites played on the World's Finest 3 Speed Record Changer—the GARRARD. Critics rate it best automatic changer. Costs no more. Choice of Cartridge. Easily, inexpensively installed in your present set. Write to Mr. Leonard, GARRARD SALES CORP., 164 Duane St., NYC 13.

WOULD PIONEERING DOCTOR consider settling in primitive, beautifully situated South Western village? Box 648-G.

CHARMING RESTORED COLONIAL with 5 acres of woodland and brook. Only 35 minutes from New York. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, library. $29,500. For information call or write STEPHEN L. ANGELL & CO., Scarsdale, N. Y. (3-0300).

MAN DESIRES COMPANION, share expenses, visit boom towns. Box 654-G.

YOUNG MAN, frank, uninhibited, deplores mediocrity, wishes correspondence. Box 655-G.

HOME-MANAGER, SECRETARY, college-trained widow of professor, wants summer or permanent position with adults. Resort preferred. Box 656-G.

OLD BARN remodeled as sculptor's studio, 3-bedroom apartment, month of June, or September through November. Stove heat. Berkshire view. Highest offer takes it. Box 657-G.

YOUNG WOMAN, who prefers living to existing, engrossed in fascinating job, music, writing, literature, mountains, oceans and people, seeks stimulating, sincere male correspondence. Box 659-G.

VISITED EUROPE '49, Geographer, M.A. anxious to return as governess, companion. Box 660-G.

MATURE LADY with infinite capacity for enjoying music, literature, and country, would correspond with gentleman of like interests. Box 661-G.

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT—9-room house with small cottage adjoining; also studio, 3-car garage, tennis court. Amidst 10 wooded acres. WILLIAMS AGENCY, 144 Broad St. Telephone: Milford Conn. 2-2581.

PERSONALS

SCHOOLMARM, desires older, cultured gentleman of diversified interests for "pen pal." Box 632-G.

EASTERN TEACHER, English and Fine Arts, seeks interesting summer. Experienced saleswoman, cook, traveler. Suggestions? Box 633-G.

THE LOS ANGELES CONSUMERS LEAGUE overstocked, offers first quality St. Mary's 100% virgin wool blankets, 72 x 90, assorted pastel shades, value $22.95, for $18.50 postpaid USA—while they last. Prepaid orders only. P.O. Box 7119 Station G, Los Angeles.

INDIVIDUAL wants to market his (popular) song. How? Box 635-G.

YOUNG JOURNALIST desires travel and work abroad. Excellent photographer, M.A. degree, knowledge Oriental languages. Box 637-G.

YOUNG COLLEGE TEACHER, male, desires interesting position, any field, anywhere, temporary or permanent. Advanced graduate work. Business experience. Box 639-G.

SOMEONE TO SHARE our home for the summer. Care of two small children. Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Conn. Box 640-G.

KENT, CONNECTICUT. Summer rent, 9 rooms, 2½ bathrooms, new, de luxe house. Fabulously beautiful view, private. Option for emergency security occupancy any time. Fuel, freezer supply. Box 614-G.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2 Middlebury, Vt.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Reasonable rates. Folder.

KNOLLFARM—small guest house in Vermont mountains. Excellent food. Comfortable living. Write: Box 55, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

MAYTIME IS TROUT-TIME at Blueberry Hill. Lucullan food. Country splendor. Brandon, Vermont.

LANE'S ISLAND. Accommodations available during July. Quiet, beautiful scenery, harmonious surroundings. ROCKAWAY INN, Vinalhaven, Me.

HANDS COVE INN, Lake Champlain, Shoreham, Vt. Rest, serenity, good food, cultural atmosphere. $45 a week, semi-bath. Brochure.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N.Y. Secluded. Guest cottages. Privacy ideal for writing or other creative work, or for just plain loafing. Mountains and lake for inspiration or recreation. Food varied and best. Charles H. Tibbits.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine, offers summer rental, 2 week periods or longer, apartment for 4. Living room, 2 bedrooms, bath and kitchen. $30 a week per person. Dinners served daily, $2.25. Duplex for 2 available, same rate per person.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT, BEE AND THISTLE INN. Beautiful place to enjoy springtime. Good meals. Moderate rates. Folder.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE. 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Pennsylvania Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School campus. Reservations by week or month the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

300 ACRE ADULT RESORT, private lake—4 tennis courts—huge recordings library. Where? SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

WRITERS, ARTISTS, inspiration, relaxation, Key West, SURF HOTEL, near beach. $15 weekly. Box 685-G.

BREAKWATER HOTEL. Woods Hole, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Artists, writers, thoughtful people, find relaxation and inspiration in quiet sea-port village. Near beach. Summer theaters. Cool. Booklet.

PAYING GUESTS, lovely, secluded country house, near lake, New Hampshire. Art lessons. $150 monthly. Box 687-G.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 894

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Favorable.	65 25 124 104 154 97 118 139 82 184
B. "System" of training grapevines so that fruit bunches hang down.	75 67 135 129 151 174 116
C. Irish nationalist known as "Tay Pay."	45 12 31 58 91 179 133
D. Greek sculptor and painter, middle fourth century B.C.	182 28 46 9 175 128 156 81 41
E. Shoe worn by actors of comedy in ancient Greece and Rome.	176 71 110 21
F. Largest of Canary Islands (old sp.).	142 102 4 64 160 96 130 150 85
G. Mexican political leader, who died in exile in U.S., 1933 (name prefaced by "de").	145 131 168 17 105 66 180 170
H. A journey in circuit (by traveling justices).	169 15 29 108
I. First name, author of novel, basis of "Green Pastures."	183 16 22 80 33
J. Death as a personification (Gr. myth.).	62 181 173 117 76 101 74 136
K. To act carefully or thriftily (4 wds.; colloq.).	49 146 126 167 121 26 54 42 158 107 119 88
L. Player in Baseball Hall of Fame with Tinker and Chance.	61 56 40 114 92
M. A deponent (U.S. law).	19 77 171 34 13 137 147
N. Act of bending the knee.	120 47 162 3 95 30 123 153 70 132 27 113
O. To conjure or conjure up.	68 103 125 44 144 98 89 155
P. Conspicuous.	24 161 39 134 78 143 122 69 90 127 5
Q. The part of a French newspaper devoted to light literature, etc. (French).	38 79 115 112 20 86 53 59 10 100
R. Woolly.	63 37 14 7 18 57
S. Pulitzer prize play, 1938.	138 93 106 157 73 11 165
T. Smallest Manx fishing boat.	51 2 140 23 159
U. Those who use barbed spears for striking fish, turtle, etc.	36 55 94 178 84 6 111 163
V. In regard to (3 wds.).	152 8 87 164 50 52 32 172
W. Having a protection or curvature in or near the middle (her.).	35 148 48 60
X. In an openhanded or liberal manner.	166 149 109 99 83 177 43 141 72 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 X	2 T	3 N	4 F	5 P	■	6 U	7 R	8 V	■	9 D	10 Q	11 S	■	12 C	13 M	14 R
■	15 H	16 I	17 G	■	18 R	19 M	20 Q	21 E	■	22 I	23 T	24 P	25 A	26 K	■	27 N
28 D	29 H	■	30 N	31 C	32 V	33 I	34 M	35 W	36 U	■	37 R	38 Q	39 P	40 L	41 D	■
42 K	43 X	44 O	45 C	46 D	47 N	■	48 W	49 K	50 V	51 T	■	52 V	53 Q	■	54 K	55 U
56 L	57 R	58 C	59 Q	■	60 W	61 L	62 J	■	63 R	64 F	65 A	66 G	67 B	68 O	69 P	■
70 N	71 E	■	72 X	73 S	74 J	75 B	■	76 J	77 M	78 P	79 Q	80 I	■	81 D	82 A	83 X
84 U	85 F	86 Q	87 V	88 K	89 O	■	90 P	91 C	92 L	93 S	94 U	95 N	96 F	97 A	98 O	99 X
100 Q	101 J	■	102 F	103 O	104 A	105 G	106 S	107 K	108 H	109 X	110 E	111 U	■	112 Q	113 N	■
114 L	115 Q	116 B	117 J	118 A	119 K	120 N	■	121 K	122 P	123 N	124 A	■	125 O	126 K	127 P	■
128 D	129 B	130 F	131 G	132 N	133 C	134 P	■	135 B	136 J	■	137 M	138 S	■	139 A	140 T	141 X
142 F	143 P	144 O	145 G	146 K	■	147 M	148 W	■	149 X	150 F	151 B	152 V	153 N	154 A	155 O	156 D
157 S	158 K	159 T	■	160 F	161 P	162 N	163 U	164 V	165 S	166 X	■	167 K	168 G	169 H	■	170 G
171 M	172 V	173 J	174 B	175 D	176 E	■	177 X	178 U	■	179 C	180 G	181 J	182 D	183 I	184 A	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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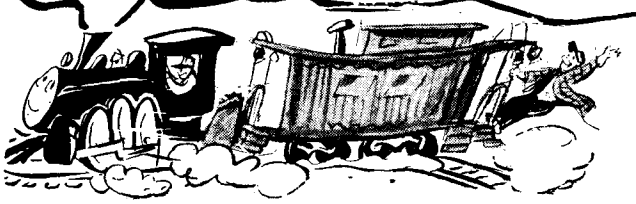

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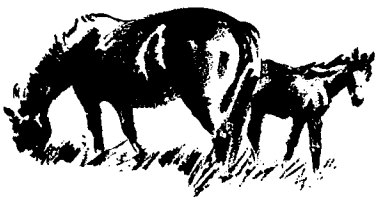

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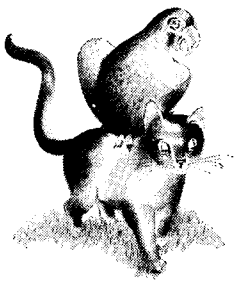

THE STORY OF SERAPINA
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